

J. Caldwell sculp.



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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY A

PERUVIAN LADY.

LETTER XXIX.

I Was much to blame, my dear *Aza*, in desiring so earnestly a conversation with *Deterville*. He hath said but too much to me : though I disallow the trouble that he has excited in my soul, it is not yet effaced.

I know not what sort of impatience was added yesterday to my usual melancholy : the world, and the noise of it, became to me more troublesome than ordinary. Except the tender satisfaction of *Celina* and her husband, every thing that I saw inspired me with an indignation bordering

on contempt. Ashamed to find such unjust sentiments in my heart, I endeavoured to hide the perplexity they caused me in the most retired part of the garden.

Scarce had I sat me down at the foot of a tree, before the tears involuntarily flowed down my cheeks. With my face hid betwixt my hands, I was buried in so profound a reverie, that *Deterville* was on his knees by the side of me before I perceived him.

Be not offended, *Zilia*, said he: it is chance that has brought me to your feet, I was not looking after you. Weary of the tumult, I was coming to enjoy my sorrow in peace. I perceived you, and struggled with myself to keep at a distance from you: but I am too unhappy to continue so without seeking relief. In pity to myself I drew near; I saw your tears flow, and was no longer master of my powers.—But, if you command me to fly from you, I will obey. Can you do
it,

it, *Zilia*? Am I odious to you?—No, said I: on the contrary, sit down, I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you since the last benefits you conferred on me.—Let us not talk of them, interrupted he briskly.—But hear me, replied I: to be entirely generous, you must listen to acknowledgment. I have not spoken to you since you restored to me the precious ornaments of the temple in which I was educated. Perhaps in my letter I badly expressed the sentiments that such an excess of goodness inspired me with: but I meant——Alas! interrupted he again, what comfort does acknowledgment bring to a heart that is wretched? Thanks are the companions of indifference, and too often allied with hatred.

What is that you say? cried I. Why do you thus wrong me in your thoughts? Ah! *Deterville*, what a right should I have to reproach you, if you were not so

much to be pitied ! Far from hating you, ever since the first moment I saw you, I have depended on you with less repugnance than on the *Spaniards*. Your gentleness and kindness have made me all along desire to gain your friendship, in proportion as I saw farther into your character. I am confirmed in the opinion that you deserve all mine ; and, without speaking of the extreme obligations I have to you (since my acknowledgment displeases) how could I help entertaining the sentiments which are so justly your due ?

Your virtues alone I found worthy of the simplicity of ours : a son of the Sun would be honoured by your sentiments : your reason is like that of nature : How many motives then had I to esteem you ? Even the nobleness of your figure, and every thing about you, pleases me : for friendship has eyes as well as love. Heretofore, after a short absence, you never came to me again but I felt a sort of se-

renity

renity expand in my heart. Why have you changed those innocent pleasures into pains and anxieties?

Your reason now appears but in starts only, and I am continually afraid of those fallies. The sentiments you entertain me with lay a restraint on the expression of mine, and deprive me of the pleasure of describing to you, without disguise, the charms I could taste in your friendship, if you did not yourself disturb the sweetness of it. You even take from me the delicate pleasure of looking on my benefactor: your eyes perplex mine, and I no more observe in them that agreeable tranquillity, which hath sometimes passed to my very soul. Your constant and settled melancholy reproaches me eternally with being the cause of it. Ah *Deter-ville*! how unjust are you, if you think you suffer alone.

My dear *Zilia*, cried he (kissing my hand with ardour) what an addition does
your

your kindness and frankness of speech make to my regret! What a treasure would the possession of such a heart as yours be! But with what aggravated despair do you make me sensible of the loss of it!

Mighty *Zilia*, continued he, how great is your power? Was it not enough to convert me from the most careless indifference to love, from indolence to fury, but you must vanquish me too? Can I bear it?—Yes said I; this effort is worthy of your noble heart: an action so just and generous elevates you above mortals.—But can I survive it? resumed he sorrowfully. Do not hope, however, that I shall serve for the victim of your love: I will continue still to adore your idea, which shall be the bitter nourishment of my soul. I will love you, and see you no more. Oh!—But at least do not forget.—

The

The rising sobs choaked his speech, and he hastily endeavoured to hide the tears which overflowed his face. Affected equally with his generosity and his grief, I shed some myself, and pressed one of his hands in mine. No, said I, you shall not leave me. Let me still keep my friend, and be you satisfied with those sentiments which I shall have for you all my life long. I love you almost as much as I love *Aza*, but I cannot love you in the same manner as him.

Cruel *Zilia*, cried he with transport, will you always accompany your goodness with such piercing strokes? Must a mortal poison continually destroy the charm that you convey with your words? How senseless am I to be bewitched by their sweetness! to what a shameful humility do I degrade myself! But it is done, I recover myself, added he in a firm tone. Farewell; you shall soon see *Aza*; may he not make you feel torments like those
which

which prey on me; may he be such as your desire makes him, and worthy of your heart!

You cannot conceive, my dear *Aze*, what an alarm the air he pronounced these words in, gave to my soul. I could not guard against the suspicions that came crowding into my mind. I did not doubt but *Deterville* was better informed than he cared to appear, and had concealed from me some letters that he had received from *Spain*: in short (shall I dare pronounce it?) I suspected that thou wert unfaithful.

I intreated him, in the strongest manner, to tell me the truth: but all that I could get out of him amounted only to loose conjectures, which had an equal tendency to confirm and to destroy my fears.

However, reflections upon the inconsistency of men, the dangers of absence,
and

and the facility with which thou hadst changed thy religion, remained deeply graven upon my mind.

Now did my love, for the first time, become to me a painful sentiment; now was I, for the first time, afraid of losing thy heart. *Aza*, if it were true, if thou didst not love me, would that my death had separated us, rather than thy infidelity!

No; it was his own despair that suggested to *Deterville* these frightful ideas. Ought not his trouble and distraction to convince me of it? Should not his self-interest, which makes him speak, be called in question by me? It was so, my dear *Aza*, and my resentment turned all against him. I treated him roughly, and he quitted me in a desperate fury.

Alas! was I less desperate than he? What torments did I not suffer, before

I found again the repose of my heart?
Is it yet well confirmed? *Aza!* I
love thee so tenderly, canst thou for-
get me?

LET.

LETTER XXX.

THY journey, my dear *Aza*, seems to me very long. How ardently do I desire thy arrival! Time has dissipated my inquietudes, and I now esteem them only as a dream, of which the light of the day has effaced the impression. I accuse myself of a crime in having suspected thee, and my repentance redoubles my tenderness: it has almost rooted out my compassion for the pains of *Deterville*. I cannot pardon him for the ill opinion he seems to have of thee, and I have less re-
 gret

gret than ever in being as it were separated from him.

We have been at *Paris* a fortnight, and I live with *Celina* in her husband's house, which is so distant from that of her brother, that I am not obliged to see him every hour. He often comes hither to eat: but *Celina* and I live together in such a hurry, that he has not leisure to speak with me in private.

Since our return, we employ part of the day in the tiresome work of dressing ourselves, and the rest in what they call here paying of visits.

These two occupations seem to me quite as unprofitable as they are fatiguing, if the latter did not procure me the means of informing myself more particularly of the customs of the country.

At my arrival in *France*, not understanding the language, I could judge of things only by their outside. As I had little instruction in the religious house, I
found

found the country turned to no better account, where I saw only a particular society, with which I was too much tired to examine it. It is here only, that, by conversing with what they call the great world, I see the whole nation.

The visits or *devoirs* that we pay, consist in going to as great a number of houses as possible, there to give and receive a reciprocal tribute of praise upon the beauty of our faces and shapes, the excellence of our taste, and the judicious choice of our dresses.

It was not long before I discovered the reason that made us take so much pains to acquire this homage: I find it is, because there is a necessity of receiving in person this momentary incense: for no sooner does any one disappear, but she takes another form. The charms that were found in her that goes out serve only to make a contemptuous comparison, in
order

order to establish the perfections of her who comes in.

Censure is the reigning taste of the *French*, as incoherence is the character of their nation. In their books, you find the general criticism of human manners, and in their conversation that of every particular person, provided he be absent.

What they call the mode, has not altered the antient usage of saying freely all the ill they can of others, and sometimes even more than they think. People of the best behaviour follow the custom, and are distinguished only by a certain formal apology they make for their frankness and love of truth: which once over, they reveal the faults, the ridicules, and even the vices, of others without scruple, not sparing even their best friends.

As the sincerity which the *French* use to one another is without exception, so their reciprocal confidence is without bounds. One need have neither eloquence to be heard,

heard, nor probity to obtain belief. Every thing is said, every thing is received, with the same levity.

Yet I would not have you think, my dear *Aza*, that the *French* are in general born with bad inclinations: I should be more unjust than they if I left you in such an error.

Naturally susceptible of virtuous sentiments, I never saw one of them that was not melted at the history, which they oblige me often to give them, of the rectitude of our hearts, the candour of our sentiments, and the simplicity of our manners. If they lived amongst us, they would become virtuous: but example and custom are the tyrants by which they are sway'd.

A man of good sense speaks ill of the absent, because he would not be despised by those who are present: another would be honest, humane, and without pride, if he did not fear being ridiculous; and a third

third becomes ridiculous thro' such qualities, as would make him a model of perfection if he dared to exert them, and assume his just merit.

In a word, my dear *Aza*, their vices are artificial as well as their virtues, and the frivolousness of their character permits them to be but imperfectly what they are. Like the play-things they give their children, these whimsical people shew only a faint resemblance of the thinking beings they should appear. You have weight, softness, colour, and upon the whole a fair outside, without any real value. Accordingly they are esteemed by other nations only as the pretty toys and trifles of society. Good sense smiles at their genteel airs, and coldly ranks them in their proper place.

Happy the nation which has nature only for its guide, truth for its mover, and virtue for its principle!

L E T.

LETTER XXXI.

[I]t is not surprizing, my dear *Aza*, that incoherence is a consequence of the airy character of the *French*: but I cannot be enough surprized that they, with as much or more penetration than any other nation, seem not to perceive the shocking contradictions which foreigners remark in them at the first sight.

Among the great number of those which strike me every day, I do not see any one that more dishonours their understanding, than their manner of thinking with regard to women. They respect them, my dear *Aza*,

Aza, and at the same time despise them with equal excess.

The first law of their politeness, or virtue (I do not know that they have any other) regards the women. A man of the highest rank owes the utmost complaisance to a woman of the most vile condition, and would blush for shame, and think himself ridiculous in the highest degree, if he offered her any personal insult. And yet a man of the least consideration and credit may deceive and betray a woman of merit, and blacken her reputation without fear of either blame or punishment.

If I was not assured that thou wilt soon be a judge of these things thyself, scarce should I dare paint to thee such contrasts as the simplicity of our minds cannot without pain conceive. Docile to the notions of nature, our genius proceeds no farther: we have found that the strength and courage of one sex indicates that it ought to be

be the support and defence of the other, and our laws are conformable to this discovery.* Here, far from compassionating the weakness of women, those of the common people, tied down to labour, have no relief either from the laws or their husbands. Those of more elevated rank, the prey either of the seduction or malice of men, have no recompence for the perfidies imposed on them, except a shew of merely imaginary outside respect, which is continually followed by the most stinging satire.

I perfectly well perceived, when I first conversed in the world here, that the habitual censure of the nation falls principally upon the women, and that the men do not despise one another without some caution or reserve. I looked for the cause of this in their good qualities, when an accident

* The *Peruvian* laws dispense the women from all hard bodily labour.

cident reveal'd it to me among their defects.

In all the houses we have entered for two days past, we have been told of the death of a young man killed by one of his friends, and the barbarous action is approved of for no other reason, but because the dead had spoken to the disadvantage of the living. This new extravagance seemed of so serious a character, as to deserve my exactest enquiry. Upon information, my dear *Aza*, I learn'd that a man is obliged to expose his life to take away that of another, if he hears that this other has been talking against him; or to banish himself from society, if he refuses to take so cruel a vengeance. I wanted to be told no more, in order to form a clear idea of what I sought. It is certain that the men, naturally cowards, without shame, and without remorse, are afraid only of corporal punishments. And if the women were authorised to punish the outrages offered them

them in the same manner, as the men are oblig'd to revenge the slightest insult offer'd to one another, such persons as we see now well received in society, would not be so any longer. The slanderer must retire into a desert, and there hide his malice and his shame. But cowards have nothing to fear, and have too well founded this abuse to see it ever abolish'd.

Impudence and effrontery are the first sentiments that the men are inspired with: timidity, gentleness, and patience, are the sole virtues that are cultivated in the women: How then are these to avoid being the victims of impunity?

O my dear *Aza*, let not the brilliant vices of a nation, otherwise charming, give us a disgust of the natural simplicity of our own manners! Let us not forget; thou, the obligation thou art under to be my example, my guide, and my support in the path of virtue; I, the duty that lies on me to preserve thy esteem and thy love,

love, by imitating my model, even by surpassing it if possible, and meriting a respect founded on virtue, and not on a frivolous custom.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXII.

OUR visits and fatigues, my dear *Aza*, could not end more agreeably. What a delicious day did I spend yesterday! How pleasant are already the new obligations, which *Deterville* and his sister confer on me! and how dear will they be when I can partake them with thee!

After two days rest, we set out yesterday morning from *Paris*, *Celina*, her brother, her husband, and I, to go, as she told me, and pay a visit to the best of her friends. The journey was not long, and we arrived early in the day at a country-house,

house, the situation and avenues of which appeared to me admirable: but what astonished me at going in was, to find all the doors open, and not to meet a single person.

This house, too pretty to be abandoned, too small to hide the people which should inhabit it, seemed to me a kind of enchantment. I was diverted with the thought, and asked *Celina* if we were in the dwelling of one of those fairies, of whom she had made me read the histories, where the mistress of the mansion and her domestics were all invisible.

You shall see the mistress, answered she; but, as important affairs have called her away for the whole day, she has charged me to prevail on you to do the honours of her house during her absence. She added, laughing, Let us see how you will get off. I came readily into the joke, and put on a serious air, to copy the compliments which
I had

I had heard made on like occasions. They told me I acquitted myself pretty well.

After amusing ourselves for some time in this manner, *Celina* said, This politeness would be sufficient to give us a good reception at *Paris*; but, madam, something more must be done in the country. Will you not have the goodness to ask us to dinner?

Upon this head, said I, I am not knowing enough to give you satisfaction, and I begin to fear that your friend has relied too much on my care. I know a remedy for that, answered *Celina*; if you will only take the pains to write your name, you shall see that it is not so difficult as you think to treat your friends well. You give me comfort, said I; let me write immediately.

I had no sooner pronounced these words, but I saw a man come in dressed in black, with a standish in his hand, and paper al-

ready writ upon. They placed it before me, and I wrote my name where I was directed.

At that instant another well looking man appeared, who invited us, in the usual manner, to attend him into the dining-room.

We there found a table covered with equal propriety and magnificence: scarce were we seated when delightful music was heard in the next room: nothing, in short, was wanting that could render a repast agreeable. *Deterville* himself seemed to have forgot his melancholy, in order to make us merry: he expressed his passion to me in a thousand manners, but always in a pleasant tone, without complaints or reproaches.

The day was serene, and, with common consent, we agreed to walk when we rose from table. We found the gardens much more extensive than the house seemed to promise: art and symmetry
made

made themselves admired, by uniting to render the charms of simple nature more transporting.

The end of our walk was a wood, which terminates this fine garden: there sitting all four on a delightful turf, we began already to indulge that reverie which natural beauties naturally inspire, when, through the trees, we saw coming on one side a company of peasants, properly dressed in their manner, preceded by some instruments of music, and, on the other side, a company of young lasses, dressed in white, their heads adorned with flowers of the field, who sung in a rustic, but melodious manner, songs, in which, to my surprize, I heard my own name often repeated.

My astonishment was much greater, when the two companies being come up to us, the most distinguished man quitted his, kneeled down on one knee, and presented to me, in a large bason, several

ral keys, with a compliment which my perplexity did not suffer me to understand: I only comprehended in it, that being the chief of the villagers in that country, he came to do me homage in quality of their sovereign, and present me with the keys of the house of which I was also the mistress.

As soon as he had ended his harangue, he rose to make room for the prettiest of the young damsels: she presented me with a bundle of flowers adorned with ribbands, which she accompanied also with a short discourse in my praise, delivered with a good grace.

I was too much confused, my dear *Aza*, to answer eulogies which I so little deserved; otherwise, every thing that passed had an air so resembling that of truth, that many times I could not help believing what nevertheless I thought incredible. This thought produced variety of others, and my mind was so engaged,

engaged, that it was impossible for me to speak a word. If my confusion was diverting to the company, it was not so to myself.

Deterville was the first who took pity of me: he made a sign to his sister, who, after having given some pieces of gold to the lads and lasses, and told them that those were the earnest of my kindness towards them, arose, and proposed to take a turn into the wood. I followed her with pleasure, intending to have reproached her heartily for the disorder she had put me into: but I had not time; for scarce had we taken half a dozen steps before she stopped, and, looking on me with a smiling countenance, Tell me, *Zilia*, said she, are you not very angry with us? and will you not be more so if I assure you, that this land and this house do in very truth belong to you?

To me? cried I. Ah *Celina*, whether it be an affront or a jest, you carry it

it too far. Hear me, said she, more seriously: If my brother has disposed of some parts of your treasure to purchase it, and, instead of the disagreeable formalities that would have been otherwise necessary, reserved to you only the surprise when the thing was done, ought you to hate us mortally for so doing? Cannot you pardon us for having procured you, at all events, such a dwelling as you have seemed to like, and for having secured to you an independent life? You, this morning, signed the authentic deed that puts you in possession of both. Murmur at us now as much as you please, added she, smiling again, if nothing of all this be agreeable to you.

Oh my amiable friend! cried I, throwing myself at her feet, I have too lively a sense of your generous cares to express my acknowledgment. These few words were all I was able to utter, my secret wish having before been to have such an independency.

independency. Melting in rapturous transports, while I reflected on the pleasure I should have in consecrating to thee this charming abode, the multitude of my sentiments stifled the expressions of them. I embraced *Celina*, who repayed my caresses with the same tenderness; and, after having given me time to recover myself, we returned to her brother and her husband.

Trouble seized me again when I came near *Deterville*, and caused a fresh perplexity in my expressions. I gave him my hand, which he kissed without speaking a word, and turned aside to hide the tears he could not restrain; which I took for signs of his satisfaction on seeing me so contented. I was so moved myself as to shed some likewise. *Celina's* husband, less concerned than we at what had passed, soon turned the conversation again into a pleasant vein: he complimented me on my new dignities, and prevailed on me

me to return to the house, in order, as he said, to examine the defects of it, and shew *Deterville* that his taste was not so good as he flattered himself.

Shall I confess to thee, my dear *Aza*, that every thing on our way seemed now to put on a new form; that the flowers appeared more beautiful, the trees more verdant, and the symmetry of the garden more complete.

I found more conveniency in the house, more richness in the furniture, and the smallest trifle became now a matter of concern to me.

I ran through the apartments in such a rapture of joy, that I did not examine any thing minutely: the only place I stopped in was a room moderately large, surrounded with cases curiously wrought, and covered with gold, in which there were a great number of books of all colours, of all forms, and admirably neat. I was so enchanted, that I thought I could

not

not have left them till I had read them all; but *Celina* pulled me away, putting me in mind of a golden key which *Deterville* had given me. We endeavoured to make use of it; but our endeavours would have been in vain, if he had not shewn us the door it was to open; which was so artificially concealed in the wainscot, that it had been impossible to discover it without knowing the secret.

I opened it hastily, and stood immovable at the sight of the magnificence it had enclosed.

It was a closet all brilliant with glass and painting: the ground of the wainscot was green, adorned with figures extremely well designed, and imitating part of the sports and ceremonies of the city of the Sun, in such manner as I had related them to *Deterville*.

Virgins were there seen represented in a thousand places, in the same dress that I wore when I came into *France*: and

I was even told that they were like me.

The ornaments of the temple, which I had left in the religious house, supported by gilt pyramids, adorned all the corners of this magnificent cabinet. The figure of the Sun, suspended in the midst of a cieling painted with the most beautiful colours of the heavens, completed, by its lustre, the embellishment of this charming solitude; and commodious moveables, suited to the paintings, rendered the whole delicious.

In examining more nearly what I was ravished to find again, I perceived that the golden chair was wanting: though I avoided speaking of it, *Deterville* guessed my thoughts, and seized that moment to express himself. You search in vain, said he, fair *Zilia*: the chair of the *Incas*, by a magical power, is transformed into a house, a garden, and an estate: if I have not employed my own science in
this

this metamorphosis, it was not without regret; but it was necessary to shew respect to your delicacy. See here, added he, (opening a little buffet that was dexterously sunk into the wall) these are the remains of the magical operation. At the same time he shewed me a strong box full of pieces of gold, all of the *French* coin. You know, continued he, that this is not one of the least necessary things among us, and I thought it my duty to preserve you a small provision of it.

I began to express my grateful thanks, and the admiration I was in of so many preventing cares, when *Celina* interrupted me, and pulled me into a room by the side of this marvellous closet. I would, said she, shew you the power of my art also. Large drawers were then opened, full of rich silks, linens, ornaments, in a word, of whatever is worn in the dress of women, all in such abundance, that I could not help laughing,
and

and asking *Celina* how many years she desired me to live, to make use of so many fine things? As long as I and my brother live, answered she. And for my part, replied I, I desire you may both live as long as I love you, then I am sure you will not die before me.

As I ended these words, we returned into the temple of the Sun, which is the name they gave to that wonderful closet; and, having at last freedom of utterance, I expressed the sentiments of my heart just as I felt them. What goodness! what a train of virtues in these proceedings of the brother and sister!

We spent the rest of the day in the delights of confidence and friendship. I endeavoured to regale them at supper still more gaily than I had done at dinner. I gave orders freely to the servants, which I knew to be mine; jested upon my authority and opulence, and did all
in

in my power to render their own benefits agreeable to my benefactors.

I fancied, however, that I perceived, in proportion as time wore away, that *Deterville* fell again into his melancholy, and even that *Celina* let drop some tears between whiles; but they both so readily resumed a serene air, that I again thought myself deceived.

I endeavoured to prevail on them to stay some days, and enjoy with me the good fortune they had procured. This I could not obtain: we came back the same night, promising ourselves to return speedily to my enchanted palace.

O my dear *Aza*, how great will be my felicity when I can inhabit it with thee!

LET:

L E T T E R, XXXIII.

THE sorrow of *Deterville* and his sister, my dear *Aza*, has continued to augment since our return from my enchanted palace. They are both so dear to me, that I could not forbear being earnest with them to discover to me the motive of it: but, seeing them obstinately silent upon the subject, I did not doubt but some new misfortune had retarded thy journey; and, in a short time, my uneasiness, of which I did not dissemble the cause, overcame the resolution of my amiable friends.

Deterville

Deterville confessed that he had determined to conceal from me the day of thy arrival, in order to surprize me; but that my inquietude made him relinquish his design: in fact, she shewed me a letter from the guide which he caused to be appointed thee, and, by the calculation of the time, and the place where it was wrote, he made me understand that thou mayest be here to-morrow, to-day, or even this very moment; in short, that I have no more time to measure, till the instant arrives which will crown all my vows.

Having gone thus far, *Deterville* did not hesitate telling me all the rest of his dispositions: he shewed me the apartment which he destined for thee; for thou wilt lodge here, till, united together, decency permits us to inhabit my delicious castle. I will not lose sight of thee

thee any more ; nothing shall separate us : *Deterville* has provided every thing, and convinced me more than ever of the excess of his generosity.

After he had given me these informations, I was no longer to seek for the cause of that sorrow which devours him. It is thy near arrival : I pity him, I compassionate his grief, and wish him an happiness, independent of my sentiments, which may be a worthy recompence of his virtue.

I dissemble even a part of the transports of my joy, that I may not irritate his pain. This is all I can do : but my own felicity engages me too much for me to keep it entirely hidden : therefore, though I believe thee very near me, though my heart leaps at the least noise, though I interrupt my letter almost at every word to run to the window, yet I continue
writing

writing to thee; finding this relief to the
 transports of my heart necessary. Thou
 art near me, 'tis true: but is thy ab-
 sence less real than if we were still se-
 parated by the seas? I do not see thee:
 thou canst not hear me: why then
 should I cease to converse with thee by
 the only means in my power? But a mo-
 ment more, and I shall see thee: but this
 moment does not yet exist. Can I bet-
 ter employ so much of thy absence, as
 I am yet to bear, than by painting to
 thee the vivacity of my tenderness? A-
 las! thou hast hitherto seen it breathing
 in sighs only! Let that time be far from
 me! with what transport will it be ef-
 faced from my memory! *Aza*, dear *A-*
za! how sweet is that name to me!
 Very soon I shall no longer call thee
 in vain: thou wilt hear me, and fly to
 my voice. The most tender expressions
 of

of my heart shall be the reward of thy
haste.——I am interrupted : it is not
by thee, and yet I must quit this conver-
sation with thee.

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L E T T E R XXXIV.

To the Chevalier Deterville, at MALTA.

WERE you able, Sir, to foresee, without reluctance, the mortal chagrin you were going to join to the happiness you had prepared for me? How could you have the cruelty to cause your departure to be preceded by such agreeable circumstances, by such weighty motives of gratitude, unless it were to render me more sensible of your despair and your absence? Though but two days ago wrapt up in the sweets of friendship, I now feel the most bitter anxiety.

Celina,

Celina, all afflicted as she is, has but too well executed your orders. She presented to me *Aza* with one hand, and your cruel letter with the other. At the completion of my vows grief darted through my soul: while I found the object of my tender love, I did not forget that I lost that of all my other sentiments. Ah *Deter-ville*! how inhuman this once is your love. But do not hope to execute your unjust resolution to the utmost. The sea shall not make a total separation betwixt persons so dear to each other: my name shall reach you: you shall receive my letters, you shall hear my prayers: blood and friendship shall resume their rights over your heart, and you shall restore yourself to a family, to which I am responsible for your loss.

What! in recompence of so many benefits, shall I poison all your days, and those of your sister? shall I break so tender an union? shall I fix despair in your hearts?

hearts, while I still enjoy your bounties?
 No, think not of it. I look on myself
 with horror in a house which I fill with
 mourning: I acknowledge your cares in
 the good treatment I receive from *Celina*,
 at the very time when I could pardon her
 for hating me. But whatever those cares
 are, I renounce them all, and remove for
 ever from a place which I cannot bear,
 unless you return.

Deterville, how very blind you are!
 What error is it that hurries you away in
 a design so contrary to your views? You
 would render me happy, and you only
 make me culpable: you would dry up
 my tears, and you cause them to flow:
 by your absence you destroy all the fruit
 of your self-denial.

Alas! you would have found but too
 much delight in that interview which you
 treasured as so very formidable! This *Aza*,
 the object of so much love, is no more the
 same

same *Aza* that I have painted to you in such tender colours. The coldness of his approach, the praises of the *Spaniards*, with which he a hundred times interrupted the soft overflowings of my soul, the offensive curiosity which snatched him from my transports to visit the rarities of *Paris*; all make me in dread of ills at which my heart shudders. Oh *Deterville*! perhaps you may not be long the most unhappy.

If compassion of yourself can work nothing on you, let the duties of friendship call you back: friendship is the only asylum of unfortunate love. If the ills that I dread should overwhelm me, what will you not have to reproach yourself with? If you abandon me, where shall I find a heart sensible of my pains? Shall generosity, hitherto the most potent of your passions, give way at last to discontented love? No; I cannot believe

it

at: such a weakness would be unworthy
 of you: you are incapable of delivering
 yourself up to it: but come and convince
 me, if you love your own glory, and my
 repose.

LET.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Chevalier Deterville, at MALTA.

IF you were not the most noble of creatures, Sir, I should be the most abject. If you had not the most humane of souls, the most compassionate of hearts, would it have been to you that I should have chosen to confess my shame and my despair? But alas! what remains for me to fear? why should I pause? Every thing is lost to me is lost.

It is not the loss of my liberty, of my rank, of my country, that I now depl

they are not the inquietudes of an innocent tenderness that now draw tears from me: it is the violation of good faith; it is love despised that rends my soul. *Aza* is unfaithful?—*Aza unfaithful!* What power have those fatal words over my soul!—My blood is frozen—a torrent of tears——

I learned from the *Spaniards* to know misfortunes: but the last is the most sensible of all their strokes. It is they that have robbed me of *Aza's* heart; it is their cruel religion that renders me odious in his eyes. That religion approves, it ordains infidelity, perfidy, ingratitude: but it forbids the love of one's near relations. If I were a stranger, unknown, *Aza* might love me: but, being united to him by the ties of blood, he must abandon me, he must take away my life without shame, without regret, without remorse.

Alas! contradictory as this religion is, if nothing had been necessary but to em-

brace it, in order to recover the good it had deprived me of, I could have submitted my mind to its illusions, without corrupting my heart by its principles. In the bitterness of my soul I demanded to be instructed in it. My tears were not regarded. I cannot be admitted into a society so pure, without abandoning the motive which determines me to desire it —without renouncing my love; that is to say, without changing my existence.

This extreme severity, I must confess, struck me with awe at the same time that my heart revolted against it: I cannot refuse a sort of veneration to laws that kill me: But is it in my power to adopt them? And if I should adopt them, what advantage would result from it? *Aza* loves me not: Oh! wretch that I am! —

The cruel *Aza* has preserved nothing of the candour of our manners, except that respect for truth of which he makes
so

so cruel an usage. Seduced by the charms of a young *Spaniard*, ready to be united with her, he consented to come into *France* only to disengage himself from the faith he had sworn to me, and to leave me without any doubt of his real sentiments ; only to restore to me a liberty which I detest, or, rather, to take away my life.

Yes, it is in vain that he restores me to myself, my heart is with him, and will be so till death.

My life belongs to him : let him take it from me ;—but, let him love me.—

You knew my misfortune : why then did you only half inform me of it ? Why did you give me room for suspicions only, which made me unjust to you ? Alas ! why do I impute this to you as a crime ? I should not have believed you : blind and prepossessed, I should have fled to meet my fatal destiny, have conveyed her victim to my rival, and have now been—O ye Gods, save me from this horrible image !

Deterville, too generous friend! am I
worthy to be heard? Am I worthy of
your pity? Forget my injustice: lament
a wretch whose esteem for you is still su-
perior to her weakness for an ingrate.

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LETTER XXXVI.

To the Chevalier Deterville at Malta.

ET. BY your complaining of me, Sir, I know you are ignorant of the state from which I am just drawn by the cruel cares of *Celina*. How could I write to you? I thought no more. If any sentiment had remained in me, doubtless it would have been that of confidence in you. But environed by the shadows of death, the blood frozen in my veins, I was a long time ignorant of my own existence. I forgot even my misfortunes.

Why,

Why, O ye Gods, in calling me back to life, have you also recalled to me that fatal remembrance ?

He is gone ! I shall see him no more ! He flies me ! He does not love me ! He has told me so ! Every thing with regard to me is at an end. He takes another wife, and honour condemns him to abandon me. It is well, cruel *Aza* ! Since the fantastic humour of *Europe* has charms for thee, why dost thou not also imitate the art that accompanies it ?

Happy *French* women, you too are betrayed ; but you long enjoy that error, which would now be my only good. I am killed by the mortal blow, while it is only preparing for you. Fatal sincerity of my nation, dost thou cease then to be a virtue ? Courage, firmness, are you then crimes when occasion so requires ?

Thou hast seen me at thy feet, barbarous *Aza* ! thou hast seen those feet
bathed

bathed with my tears——and thou art fled——Horrible moment! why does not this remembrance deprive me of life?

If my body had not sunk under the weight of my grief, *Aza* should not have triumphed over my weakness——he should not have gone alone. I would have followed thee, ingrate, I would have seen thee, I would have died at least before thy eyes.

Deterville, what fatal weakness has removed you to such a distance from me? You would have succoured me: what the disorder of my despair could not have done, your reason, capable to persuade, would have obtained: perhaps *Aza* might still have been here. But, Oh Gods!——already arrived in *Spain* at the height of his blifs!——Useless regrets, fruitless despair, boundless grief overwhelm me!

Seek

Seek not, Sir, to surmount the obstacles which retain you at *Malta*, in order to return hither. What would you do here? Fly a wretch who is no longer sensible of your kindness, who is a torment to herself, and wishes only to die.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

TAKE courage again, too generous friend : I would not write to you till my days were in safety, and till, less agitated myself, I could calm your inquietudes. I live : fate will have it so, and I submit to the laws of destiny.

The cares of your amiable sister restored my health, and some returns of reason have supported it. The certainty that my misfortune is without remedy, has done the rest. I know that *Aza* is arrived in *Spain*, and that his crime is complete : my grief is not extinct, but the cause of it is no longer worthy of my

regret. If any regret now remains in my heart, it is due only for the pains I have caused you—for my error—for the wanderings of my reason.

Alas! in proportion as this reason enlightens me, I discover its impotence. What power has it in a desolate soul? The excess of grief throws us back to the weakness of childhood. As in that first age, so in this, present objects only have power over us; the sight seems to be the only sense that has an intimate communication with the soul: of this I have had woful experience.

As I recovered from the long and senseless lethargy, into which I was plunged by the departure of *Aza*, the first desire that nature inspired me with, was to retire into that solitude which I owe to your providential goodness. It was not without difficulty that I obtained leave of *Celina* to be conducted thither. There I found helps against despair, which neither

the

the world, nor friendship itself, could ever afford me. In your sister's house, even her conversation could never prevail over the objects which incessantly renewed in my mind the perfidy of *Aza*.

The door by which *Celina* brought him into my chamber, on the day of your departure and his arrival; the seat on which he sat; the place in which he denounced my misery, and restored me my letters; even the remembrance of his shadow on the wainscot, where I had observed the proportions of it; all gave every day fresh wounds to my heart.

Here I see nothing but what recalls the agreeable ideas I received at the first sight of the place: I find nothing but the image of your friendship, and that of your amiable sister.

If the remembrance of *Aza* presents itself to my mind, it is under the same aspect which I then beheld him. I think myself waiting for his arrival. I give way to this illusion as long as it is agreeable to me:
if

if it quits me, I have recourse to books, and read greedily at the first. Insensibly new ideas veil over the horrid truth that environs me, and, at the end, give some relaxation to my sorrow.

Shall I confess, that the sweets of liberty sometimes present themselves to my imagination, and that I listen to them? Amused by agreeable objects, their propriety has charms which force me to relish them. I confide in my own taste, and rely but little on my reason. I give way to my weakneses, and combat those of my heart only by indulging to those of my mind. The maladies of the soul will not bear violent remedies.

Perhaps the fastidious decency of your nation does not permit to one of my age that independency and solitude in which I live: whenever *Celina* comes to see me, she at least endeavours to persuade me so; but she has not yet given me sufficient reasons to convince me that I am to blame. True decency is in my heart. It is not to
the

the image of virtue that I pay homage,
but to virtue itself. Yet I will always take
her for the judge and guide of my actions.
To her will I consecrate my life, and to
friendship my heart. Alas ! when will it
have the undivided and uninterrupted pos-
session and sway ?

LET.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To the Chevalier Deterville, at Paris.

IT was almost at the same time, Sir, that I read the news of your departure from *Malta*, and that of your arrival at *Paris*. Whatever the pleasure will be that I shall taste at seeing you again, it cannot overcome my concern, occasioned by the billet you wrote to me at your arrival.

How, *Deterville*, after having taken upon you to dissemble your sentiments in all your letters, after having given me room to hope that I should no longer have

have a passion that afflicts me to combat,
do you deliver yourself up more than
ever to its violence?

To what purpose do you affect a deference towards me, which you contradict at the same instant? You ask leave to see me, you assure me of a blind submission to my will; and yet you endeavour to convince me of sentiments the most opposite to such a submission. This gives me displeasure, and, I assure you, I shall never approve of such conduct.

But since a false hope seduces you, since you give a wrong turn to my confidence, and the state of my soul, it is proper I should tell you what are my resolutions, which are not to be shaken, like yours.

You flatter yourself in vain that you shall cause my heart to put on new chains. The treachery of another does not disengage me from my oaths. Would to heaven it could make me forget the ingrate: but, if I could forget him, yet, true to myself,

myself, I would not be perjured. The cruel *Aza* abandons that which once was dear to him: his rights over me are not the less sacred: I may be healed of my passion, but never can have any except for him. All the sentiments that friendship inspires are yours, and I shall be faithful to them. You shall enjoy my confidence and sincerity in the same degree, and both shall be without bounds. All the lively and delicate sentiments, which love has discovered in my heart, shall turn to the advantage of friendship. I will let you see, with equal openness of soul, my regret that I was not born in *France*, and my invincible inclination towards *Aza*; how grateful it would have been to me that I had owed to you the advantage of thinking, and my eternal acknowledgment to him who procured me that blessing. We will read in each others souls: confidence, as well as love, can give rapidity to time: there are a
thou

thousand ways to make friendship instructing, and banish from it all satiety.

You shall teach me some knowledge of your arts and sciences, and, in so doing, taste the pleasure of superiority: I will make reprisal on you, by discovering virtues in your heart which you did not know to be there. You shall adorn my mind with what may render it amusing, and enjoy the fruit of your own work: I will endeavour to make the native charms of simple friendship agreeable to you, and shall find myself happy in succeeding.

Celina, by dividing her love betwixt us, shall throw that gaiety into our conversations which they might otherwise want. What more shall we have to desire?

Your fears that solitude may be hurtful to my health are groundless. Believe me, *Deterville*, solitude is never dangerous but through idleness. But
I, con-

I, continually employed, can strike out to myself new pleasures from every thing that inaction would else render insipid.

Without searching deep into the secrets of nature, is not the simple examination of its wonders sufficient to vary and renew incessantly occupations that are always agreeable? Does life itself suffice to acquire a slight, but interesting knowledge of the universe, of what surrounds me, and of my own existence?

The pleasure of being; that forgotten, unknown pleasure to so many mortals; this thought so sweet, this happiness so pure, *I am, I live, I exist*; is alone enough to convey bliss, if we remember it, if we enjoy it, if we know the value of it.

Come, *Deterville*, come, and learn of me to husband the resources of our souls, and the benefits of nature. Renounce those tumultuous sentiments, the imperceptible

ceptible destroyers of our being. Come,
and learn to know innocent and durable
pleasures : come, and enjoy them with me.
You shall find in my heart, in my friend-
ship, in my sentiments, all that is wanting
to indemnify you for the loss of love.

LET.

LETTER XXXIX.

Deterville's Answer to Zilia.

OH *Zilia* ! on what conditions am I permitted to see you again ? Have you thought well on that which you require of me ? I was able, it is true, to keep silence in your presence ; but that situation was at the same time the joy and the misfortune of my life. I could take pains for *Aza's* return ; I paid a deference to your passion for him, cruel as it was to me. Even when I suspected his change, without giving myself up to the flattering hopes which I might from
thence

thence have conceived, I wrought so far upon my mind as to be afflicted, because it would make you unhappy. But *Aza* came, and had a fresh view of your charms. He found you faithful, tender, wholly occupied with his idea, and your desire to crown his flame. How triumphant was it for him to see those fortunate knots, the precious monuments of your tenderneſs! What other heart but his would not have reſumed his antient chains? Or rather, what other heart but his had been capable ever to break them?

Not being able to foreſee his ingratitude, nothing remained for me but to ſeek my ſafety. I formed a deſign of leaving you for ever, and flying from my country and my family: I could not, however, reſuſe myſelf the doleful conſolation of imparting to you this reſolution. *Celina*, ſenſibly touch'd with my unhappy lot, took
upon

upon her to deliver to you my letter. The time she chose for this, *Zilia*, as yourself have wrote me word, was the instant in which the faithless *Aza* appeared in your sight. Doubtless the tender compassion of *Celina* for an unfortunate brother, made her taste a secret pleasure in embittering the moments which were to have been so very sweet : she was not deceived ; you were sensible to my despair, and even deigned to signify as much to me by soothing expressions, proper to satisfy a heart which had no higher ambition than to engage your pity.

I was soon informed of *Aza's* crime, and then, I confess it, my heart first gave way to hope. The illusion prevailed on me so far, that I even flattered myself with the glory of giving you comfort. That was the first moment of my life wherein I presaged to myself a happy futurity. To these sentiments, at once so

soft

soft and so new to me, succeeded the
 most afflicting circumstance. Your life
 was in danger, and my soul was torn in
 pieces by the fear of losing you. I la-
 boured ardently to surmount the obstacles
 which opposed my return. At last I
 overcame them; and flew towards you.
 My respect impos'd on me the necessity
 of waiting for your orders to appear in
 your presence. I petitioned for leave in
 such expressions as are natural to a heart
 in the condition of mine. But, is it pos-
 sible to express what I felt upon reading
 your answer? No, it is not possible. How
 many different notions agitated my soul!
 How many senseless projects! That of re-
 moving from you, *Zilia*, I had the cou-
 rage to form; but, too feeble to put it in
 execution, I gave way to my destiny by
 remaining near you. My respect, my
 admiration, and my services, shall be all
 that I will permit the ardour of my love
 to

to express. Shall I be forbidden, divine *Zilia*, to hope in silence, that you will one day be touched with a passion, which shall always be as great in respect as in vivacity?

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LETTER XL.

Zilia to Celina.

MY dear *Celina*, how unhappy am I? You leave me, alas! to myself, and I have not a more cruel enemy. Incessantly haunted by the most grievous reflections, upon misfortunes that I could not foresee, and destitute of experience, I can by no means enjoy the repose which this charming solitude seems to offer me. It serves only to bring back the remembrance of the cruel *Aza*, with all his charms. In vain I call reason to my succour; in vain think of my insulted love,

VOL. II.

E

rewarded

rewarded with ingratitude. I see plainly, that it is from time only I must expect the calm I desire. Why was it not the pleasure of love that such tender and delicate sentiments should be reserved for *Deterville*, who would have better known their value? But could I foresee events, of which I had not the least idea? *Asa* the first time presented himself to my eyes with all possible advantages: birth, merit, a charming figure, and the warmest love, authorized by duty: what more was wanting to engage a young heart, naturally sensible and tender? This heart was accordingly given up without reserve; I breathed only for him; my beauty was pleasing, and I desired new charms, only that I might be more worthy of him, and, if possible, render him more amorous. Our felicity was perfect, till the fatal revolution which separated us one from the other.

Long

Long absence, dependence on others, and the loss of his riches, have doubtless determined him to forget me, in order to enjoy the real advantages that are offered him, and which he cannot now hope to obtain by an union with me. Besides, how should he continue faithful to me, when he has not been so even to his religion? One error naturally draws on another.

But I perceive, with regret, that I entertain you only on the subject of this ungrateful man. How weak am I, my dear *Helina*! What need have I of your counsels to fortify my reason against an involuntary love!—It shall be so.—I will make new efforts to surmount it.

Is *Deterville* at *Paris*? Has he accepted the tender friendship which I offered him? You two are all that remains dear to me. Come, and sweeten my solitude! Walking, reading, and reflection shall divide our time; and I begin to

think I ought to study your religion. *Aza*, whose knowledge is sublime, who, as a son of the celestial luminary, ought to have a more lively and penetrating wisdom than I, has acknowledged defects in ours, which I cannot yet see. I may deceive myself in my opinion of its perfection. When I left *Peru*, I was persuaded that was the only country favoured by the sun; that our horizon alone was enlightened by it, and that all other people were involved in darkness. I soon discovered my error in this respect. It seems probable therefore, that the instructions which may be given me by *Deterville*, whose character is formed of rectitude, candour, moderation and generosity, may make some farther impression upon me.

I will add this obligation to all those which I already have to him; on this condition only, that he shall employ nothing but reason and solid proofs to persuade me. I am willing to be instructed, but not constrained.

strained. This serious study shall be intermixed with innocent amusements, which you, *Celina*, shall partake with us. But be sure to make *Deterville* sensible, that he will crown my gratitude, if he banishes love entirely from our conversation. Such an union will be charming, if I hear not a word of this enemy of my repose. Esteem and confidence shall reign betwixt us, and what would he desire more?

Come both of you, and breathe this amiable liberty, which is tasted in the country with persons that are dear to us. You will support my weakness with goodness; you will fortify my reason, and time shall do the rest.

LET-

L E T T E R X L I.

Celina's Answer to Zilia.

I Should not have left you to yourself, my dear *Zilia*, if I had not imagined you more confirmed with regard to a misfortune without remedy; I should even have thought it an insult to you, to believe that the inconstant *Aza* still occupies your heart alone. In truth he does not deserve it. Could he be acquainted with your worth, and yet shake off his chains?

It is plain, that love still pleads warmly for him in your heart: But does that justify him? You are ingenious in search-

ing

ing out whatever may make him appear less culpable; that is an effect of the goodness of your heart, and the tenderness you still bear to that ungrateful man. But, my dear *Zilia*, do not deceive yourself: He never, in his love to you, felt any of those little tribulations, which warm and heighten that passion; jealousy, caprice, coldness, never entered into your engagements. Sure of your heart, he found nothing but tenderness, and equality of humour; a passion, perhaps too warm on your side, and in which there was at least no trial. Hence arose your misfortune; he ceased to love you, because he had been too happy. It is not easy to decide, my dear *Zilia*, which it was that prevailed with him; whether religion, or the beauty of the fair *Spaniard*. If it was the first motive only, he is excusable; but the two objects united together, make me very much suspect him. You are to blame,

my

my dear friend, to think so incessantly of this perfidious man: It is entertaining an idea fatal to your repose. Let us not talk any more, I beseech you, of one so faithless; let us forget, if it be possible, his very name. I will come and see you; I will do my utmost to direct you. How passionately do I wish myself able to contribute to the return of your tranquillity, and the assurance of your felicity!

I reproach myself much for having left you alone, abandoned to your reflections; but I thought your heart cured. I doubt not but agreeable company will sweeten your solitude, and I will bring with me two of my friends, with whom I am sure you will be satisfied.

My brother is returned, and I have shewn him your letter. He is grieved to the heart to see you still so full of the perjured *Aza*. You owe to his delicacy, and that conduct, of which he alone is capable,

ble, the violence he puts on himself in keeping at a distance from you. But, entirely taken up with a passion equally tender and respectful, he does not find himself capable to suppress all the testimonies of it. He is afraid of offending you, because he is afraid that, in spite of himself, some expressions may escape him in your presence, which you have forbid with the utmost rigour. He laments without ceasing, that sentiments so constant, so tender, so delicate, to which he thinks he has a just title, should be the recompence of one that is perjured.

You offer him your friendship, and press him to come and see you : Is not this a real cruelty ? What ! shall he every moment behold an enchanting object, for whom alone he sighs, who, by her beauty, her sweetness, and a thousand other charms, must enslave him more and more daily ; and yet will you have the severity

to forbid him to speak of that passion, which interests him more than any thing besides?

He accepts, however, with grateful acknowledgments, the tender friendship which you offer him, since more he cannot obtain. He is extremely sensible, that this friendship would have a thousand charms for a less amorous heart: but for himself, his passion is too strong to be confined to that simple sentiment. Being unable to recal his own reason, I see how difficult it will be for him to satisfy yours. Is it not, my dear *Zilia*, almost the want of reason, still obstinately to love a person, who neither can, nor ought to make a suitable return for the same?

If you desire to be enlightened with regard to your religion, be not afraid that *Deterville* will instruct you with tyranny: He will give you such helps and such coun-

counsels, as shall be in your choice either to follow or reject. You know his integrity and moderation: I am sure he will act under their direction, though at the same time it will give him the purest joy if he can succeed. But, my dear *Zilia*, in order to this great work, it is necessary to be divested of all prejudice.

We promise ourselves much enjoyment of your conversation, and will endeavour to make ours as agreeable as we are capable. This will be easy for us to do, as our hearts are free from love, and filled only with tranquil friendship. *Deterville* himself, whom we have at last engaged to be of the party, has promised me sincerely, that he will not appear amorous, but observe all the rules of discretion you prescribe to him; but he beseeches you, in return, never to speak to him of the faithless and happy *Azz*. He has a right,
methinks,

methinks, to require this complaisance of you. I know not whether it will be very difficult to you; but it is necessary there should be an unison betwixt your two hearts, in order to form a perfect concert amongst us.

LET-

L E T T E R XLII.

Deterville to Celina.

AT my return from *Malta* to *Paris*, my dear sister, I received with a transport of joy, mixed with fear, the fair *Zilia's* letter, which was delivered to me by your order. In fact, this letter confirms, at the very beginning of it, her design to forget *Aza*: But, O painful and cruel tidings ! it proclaims to me afresh her resolution never to replace him by another. She even forbids me to have the least idea of that nature. What a mortal blow, my dear *Celina*, was this !

Have

Have you a thorough sense of it? Whilst *Zilia* could depend on the fidelity of one so beloved, I had no room either to hope or to complain: I could not be ignorant, being myself a melancholy proof of it, that a heart truly smitten cannot entertain more than one love. That of *Zilia* belonged of right to the faithful *Aza*: but when this same *Aza* became faithless and perjured, had not my hopes a right to revive? Yet in that very instant how cruelly were they deceived! Dear sister, how hard is my fate! What is the composition of these *Peruvian* souls? How! Is not *Zilia* susceptible of that lively pleasure, which all women, may I not say, which all hearts enjoy in vengeance? Why does she not efface from her heart the very image of this ingrate, if it were for no other reason than to shew her horror of ingratitude! Happy, if amidst the diversity of her sentiments, a spark of love for me could enter.

enter. I am sensible that my delicacy would suffer by those means; but no matter, if she does but love me. I shall owe my happiness to spite; but perhaps I may owe it to gratitude likewise. Shall I not be a thousand times happy? I cannot help for a moment enjoying the idea.

It is true, that this beauty, whom I adore, offers me the most constant friendship, and expresses it even with passion: she particularises all the charms of it with so much grace and delicacy, that if any other than *Zilia* had offered me such a friendship, I should have been enchanted with it. But can the most tender friendship on her part repay the most passionate love on mine? Feeble image of a passion, how will it answer to the vivacity of that which I feel! How great will be my misfortune, if, while *Zilia* renders for the most tender love the simple sentiment of tranquil friendship, her heart,
forget-

forgetting at last the faithless *Aza*, should melt in favour of some other than me! I shudder with dread and horror at the thought. Alas! such a new engagement would torment me for ever. To be always near the object, in which alone my felicity consists, and always far from felicity itself, is a situation, that instead of curing the evils I suffer, would serve only to augment them.

Pity me, my dear *Celina*, deplore sincerely thy brother's condition, if thou hast any idea of what love is without hope.

LET-

L E T T E R XLIII.

Celina to Deterville.

I Do indeed commiserate a distracted heart, which finds no relief either in itself or elsewhere. Such is your situation, my dear *Deterville*; you love *Zilia*, the most amiable, the most virtuous virgin that ever was, and you love her almost without measure. The purity of her soul, the natural delicacy of her conversation, her beauty for ever new to your eyes, her candour, even her very tenderness for *Aza*, contrary as it is to your hopes, all contribute to nourish in you
a passion,

a passion, which taste and esteem augment daily; a passion so much the more lively, as it is the first you have ever experienced. I would endeavour to cure you of it, if it were of such a nature as you could ever repent it; but I am not ignorant, that being master of this fair *Indian*, by the laws of war, you have respected her beauty, her sentiments, and her misfortunes: I know it was not your fault, that the only good, which could render her happy, was not restored to her, and that even at the expence of your wealth. I admired you as a prodigy, when I saw you call out of the heart of *Spain* the happy *Aza*, in order to return to him, with his other treasures, the only jewel which you could not be happy without. This was the very height of generosity.

In the mean time, by an unexampled turn of fortune, when the infidelity of *Aza* rendered your benefits useless, and
you

you had more right than ever to hope, the unforeseen constancy of *Zilia* for an ungrateful man, adds the last and severest stroke to your misfortunes.

But, my dear brother, while I indulge your grief, and lament the fatality of your stars, suffer me to inform you, that you make your case worse than it really is. The anxiety of your heart, doubtless, prevents your seeing the least glimpse of hope: but perhaps the indifference, in which you formerly lived, keeps you ignorant of the resources which are still left you by fortune. As a woman, I should be tempted still to leave you partly in ignorance; but as a sister, I cannot take such an unkind resolution. Hear me then, my dear *Deterville*. *Aza* was naturally the only object that *Zilia* could be attached to. A prince, tender, young and charming, and *Zilia* in all the force and sweetness of her first fires, united by taste and by duty, and by the virtue which

enobled both. A hideous mishap, a cruel revolution separates them, and enlivens the image of that felicity of which they see themselves fatally deprived. Represent to yourself how much force even despair must add to a passion before so warm and so legitimate. It was a heart new in love, full of fire, given up for the first time, and which did not know a more sensible pleasure, than that of adhering to the object it had chosen; in short, it was a heart, amorous to excess, inflamed by difficulty, and which, at the very brink of felicity, saw itself in that instant snatched from the expected enjoyment. My dear brother, put yourself for a moment in the place of *Zilia*: Is it possible that any other lover could make her so soon forget a bridegroom that was so dear to her, and restore her tranquillity? Reflect on the nobleness of her soul, and you will conceive that a heart so generous, may be capable of carrying her attachment

attachment beyond the bounds of ordinary sensibility, and of continuing to love an object which it is sure never to possess. This is such a musical string, as sounds a long time after it has been once briskly touched.

But do you not see, my dear *Deterville*, that this sentiment is too contrary to nature to be durable? Do you doubt whether *Zilia*, when she comes to reflect more quietly, will perceive the injustice of *Aza*, the weight of his indifference, and the inutility of loving without return? Maintained hitherto in her tenderness, by a kind of forcery, the illusion she puts on herself will soon dissipate, the image of *Aza* will in a short time become burthensome, and then her heart, void of interest and employment, will with difficulty support itself in such a state of inaction. A tiresome state of languor is an insupportable burthen for an active soul. *Zilia* will wish for some pretence to get rid of it,

it, and what pretence will be more happy for you both, than that of gratitude?

ilia professes her acknowledgments to you, and is fully sensible how much she owes to your generous proceedings.

I come now to the friendship which she offers you. By your refusing this friendship, it should seem to be offensive, or at least unpleasant to you. You look upon it as a sentiment too weak to answer to the vivacity of your love. It seems like a payment in counterfeit coin; and you reject it because it is not absolute and complete love: But, pray dear brother, is it the name only that you would obtain? For my part, I cannot help thinking so: for the friendship of *Zilia* ought to inspire you with less repugnance. Let me tell you, even this ought to charm you. Why do you oblige me here to disclose the great secrets of the fair sex? Know, that this sentiment of friendship, so sweet among men, so rare among women,

men, is always the most lively betwixt persons of different sexes. Men love one another with cordiality, women love each other with diffidence; but two persons of the two sexes add to the taste of friendship, a spark of that fire which nature never fails to inspire. A sprout of passion will attend the very birth of this friendship, so pure in appearance; as such sort of friends are fully enough sensible. Let them both keep mutually upon their guard, it matters not: All their precautions will make no change in the imperceptible progress of nature, and they will soon be surprized, that they are fallen in love with each other without perceiving it.

The friendship offered you then, my dear *Deterville*, is, in my opinion, the first act of that interesting play, of which you so much desire to see the unravelling; it is the first discovery of the heart, and
since

since that is favourable to you, have you any room to complain?

It is true, that the name of friendship spreads a veil, which hides a part from your sight: but it is a veil wrought by the hands of love, made only to deceive jealous eyes, but which hides nothing from eyes that can penetrate, nor long conceals the truth from him who is the object of it. Do you not now confess, my dear brother, that I had room to be surprized, when I heard you complain so bitterly of the only part that *Zilia* ought to have taken? Reflect upon it well, and you will be of my sentiment. Can there be a more happy method, a method better adapted to the delicacy of you both?

Would you not always have the better opinion of a lady, who chuses to be the more reserved, to make your happiness the more complete? Who, by giving your passion a reasonable character, intends

tends to refine and increase your pleasure?

Indeed, my brother, you are obliged to *Zilia*, who in the way of friendship is preparing for you pleasures more extatic than you proposed for yourself: She neither dared, nor ought to make you a return of passion in the manner that you desired. You must consult the fair sex for sentiments of this nature; and be not ashamed that the women are here beforehand with you; since without them, the men would perhaps be ignorant in the finesses of the art of love. Women are allowed, as a natural consequence of the temper of their hearts, to have more suppleness of genius than men. I do not suppose any artifice to enter into this art of love, of which I am speaking; these two characters, as much as they resemble one another, ought to be distinguished. All the women of wit love with art, but not all with artifice. As to

Vol. II. F your

your dear *Zilia*, her heart is honest, noble, and elevated; but she is ingenuous in the most fine and subtle manner of any woman I know. That heart of her's, which is at present wholly taken up with the most tender and virtuous passion, but a passion cruelly deceived, you will at last find to be reserved for you. Allow only a reasonable term to *Zilia* for grief, and, without complaining, leave time to destroy in her that idea of glory which flatters her hitherto.

That singular honour of remaining faithful to her first ties, even when they are broken without possibility of a reunion, is a sentiment which certainly she has not learned among us: she will therefore at last give way to our example. Being then free, fearing liberty thro' a habitude of not enjoying it, and sensible at the same time of your generous cares; the friendship, which she now regards only as a sweet sympathy, will want but one advance

advance farther to become love; and that miracle will be accomplished without her perceiving it.

My dear *Deterville*, what a charming prospect lies here before you! I think you must see enough of it to engage you, without the least difficulty, to accept the party which *Zilia* proposes to you with so good a grace. From your solitudes, disinterested in appearance, and more still from the nature of a female heart, expect the felicity of which you began to despair.

L E T T E R XLIV.

Zilia to Deterville.

AFTER the loss of *Aza*, I could never have thought, Sir, that new troubles would have reached my heart. But now, by fatal experience, I perceive the contrary, from a discovery I made accidentally, and which plunges me again into the most cruel perplexity. Your sister came to see me yesterday. After her departure I found a paper in my chamber. I opened it; but how great was my surprise to know her hand, in a letter addressed

dressed to you, in which, after blaming
 you for not accepting my offers, she un-
 dertakes to persuade you by motives very
 different from mine ! Who could have
 thought that the ever-tender, the ever-
 generous *Celina*, my only consolation in
 the bitterness of my soul, would have
 proved perfidious ? After I have given
 myself up entirely to the sweetness of her
 friendship, and had not the least reserve
 in my sincere love to her, I learn that she
 does not love me without distrust. If
 your sister, at the beginning of this fatal
 letter, loads me with praises, doubtless
 they do not flow so much from her own
 sentiments, as from her fear of displeasing
 you : For on what does she pretend to
 found your hope, if not upon the want
 of solidity in these virtues which she at-
 tributes to me ? In revealing to you the
 secrets of her sex, her art, or rather arti-
 fice, does not turn to the advantage of her
 heart.

heart. Mistaken notion! does she think the virgins devoted to the Sun, and educated in his temple, are to be judged of by the general distinction she gives of the character of women? Is there but one model, one rule to form a judgment by? The creator, who diversifies his works in a thousand manners, who imparts to every country some particular property, who gives to us all physiognomies so various and different, has he decreed that the characters of the mind should be every where alike, and that all reasonable beings should think in the same manner? For my part, I cannot easily be persuaded of this. Besides, what reason has she to give to the men such happy prerogatives? Does she believe they have a more ample portion of the breath of the divinity? We have, in *Peru*, such an opinion of the divine *Amutas*, whose sublime knowledge and habitudes, consecrated to virtue, elevate them

them above ordinary men ; but for other men, if they have passions which are common to them, we acknowledge in them virtues also which conduct and rectify those passions ; and we judge of them from their actions, and not from any pre-supposed weaknesses.

How could she undertake to persuade you, that there was so little firmness in my sentiments ? Certainly she has not learned this from what is passed. My heart, formed to frankness from my infancy, never strove to persuade the unfaithful *Aza* of the sincerity of my fires, any other way than by the vivacity with which they were expressed.

I am ignorant, and would ever be ignorant of that art, which degrades women much more than it sets off their charms : It only proves their weakness, their vanity, and their diffidence of the object they would enslave. Nature knows
not

not this art, nor ever strives to adorn the graces, and add charms to virtue.

Vainly doth *Celina* pretend to distinguish art from artifice : I am not imposed upon by that idea. Does she seek for disguise when it is her interest to hide nothing ? Could one dare to confess, without a blush, that one had taken great pains to lead another into error ?

I hope all from the generosity of your heart. Worthy as you are to have been born among us, I am sure no injurious suspicion has yet entered your soul ; and I should be very sorry to have you see this wicked letter, lest it should induce you to suspect. But should I, *Deterville*, be worthy your goodness, if the too credulous *Celina* thought justly ?

As you are too virtuous to think I aim at glory in performing my duty, do not expect that either time, or the weakness of my sex will make any change in me ?

United

[III]

United with *Aza*, in ties which death only should have dissolved, no object can disengage me from him. Yet come, Sir, enjoy the tranquil fruits which gratitude offers you; come, and at once enlighten and adorn my understanding.

Disengaged from tumultuous passions, you will find that friendship alone is worthy to fill our hearts, and alone able to make our destiny perfectly happy.

LETTER XLV.

Deterville to Zilia.

I Was set out, adorable *Zilia*, in the firm resolution to forget you, as the only relief to my pains I could think of. A long absence, I presumed, might work this miracle. But alas! the anger inspired by a tender sentiment is soon stifled by its own principle. I am here returned, more amorous and as ill treated as ever, in spite of the glimmerings of hope which the infidelity of *Aza* had kindled in my mind. My situation gives me more right than ever to complain: but how cruel
 forever

soever your manner of thinking be to me, it still deprives me of liberty. You bind me to you in so engaging a manner, by the tender friendship you offer me, that though the bounds you prescribe to it appear to me a species of ingratitude, I perceive that my complaints, should I now make them, would become unjust.

While I submit to the rigour of your laws, my heart dares still to preserve the hope of molifying that rigour. Pardon my disorder and my sincerity: I express the simple notions of my heart; I am pleased with these illusions, and sorry when my reason returns to convince me of my rashness: then I blush for a moment; but soon the ideas of a happy futurity triumph. Such is my weakness! a mortifying reflection for me, but a reflection that raises so much the more the glory of the daughter of the sun.

In

In your presence, fair *Zilia*, one of your looks will recal the respect that is due to you: My ardour to please you will raise me above sense, and you shall be the rule of my manners. Bound and united together only by the sentiments of the soul, and similitude of genius, we shall have nothing to fear from those disgusts, which the anxiety of the passions drag along with them. Our quiet and unweary days, like a perpetual spring, when all seems to start fresh out of the hands of nature, shall flow in perfect felicity; we shall enjoy mutually the benefits of this nature, and crown with it our innocence. If we at any time speak of *Aza*, it shall be only to recal and complain of his ingratitude. Perhaps destiny alone was culpable of his change. But however that may be, he was no longer worthy of the virgin of the sun, after he had breathed the native air of the cruel enemies of *Peru*.

Let

Let me beg you to bear no ill will to my sister; her tenderness for me, and her sense of my situation, have made her imagine all the reasons that you have seen, in order to comfort me, and give a new birth to my hope: This motive ought to be her excuse. Promise me to pardon her, divine *Zilia*: There should be nothing to embitter the sweets of that charming society, which we propose to form in your company.

In this hope, I set out to come and throw myself at your feet: I will look upon this new habitation as the temple of the sun: I will there respectfully adore the luminary that enlightens it, and the object of all my cares shall be, to render you incessantly the most pure and most submissive homage.

LET

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24



LETTERS

OF

A Z A

THE

PERUVIAN.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reading of the Peruvian Letters made me recollect that I had seen in Spain, some years since, a collection of letters by a Peruvian, whose history has since appeared to me strongly to resemble that of Zilia. I procured that manuscript, and I found that they were the very letters of Aza, translated into Spanish. We are, doubtless, obliged to Kanhuiscap, the friend
of

of Aza, to whom the principal part of these letters are addressed, for their translation from the Peruvian.

I found a concern for Aza excited in me by reading these letters, that engaged me to undertake their translation. I perceived with joy, those odious ideas effaced from my mind, which Zilia had given me, of a prince more unfortunate than inconstant. I imagine that others will experience the same pleasure: for to see virtue justified is at all times pleasing.

There are many who will, perhaps, think it a crime in Aza, to have described, under the name of Spanish manners, those failings, and even vices, that are peculiar to the French nation. How specious soever this charge may appear, it will
be

be easily liquidated, if we properly consider, with M. Fontenelle, that a native of England and of France, are countrymen at Pekin.

I dare not flatter myself with having painted in their proper colours, those noble images, those grand and beautiful ideas, that are to be found in the Spanish original: I might impute it to the difference of the two languages, and to the common lot of translations; the reader, perhaps, will impute it to me; and we may both of us be right in our sentiments.

LET-

LETTERS

OF

A Z A the PERUVIAN.

LETTER I.

To Zilia.

MAY thy tears be dissipated like the dew before the rising sun! May thy fetters, changed into flowers, fall at thy feet! and by the vivacity of their colours express the ardency of my love, more glowing than that divine luminary which gave it birth. *Zilia*, dismiss thy fears

fears — *Aza* still lives: that is, forever loves thee.

Our miseries have an end. The happy moment approaches that shall unite us forever. O divine felicity! Why do we yet pant for thy enjoyment?

The predictions of *Viracocha* are still unaccomplished. I am now on the august throne of *Manco-Capa*, and *Zilia* is not by my side. I reign, and thou art loaded with fetters! Be comforted, thou tender object of my ardent affections. The sun has too fully proved our love; he now prepares to crown it with felicity. These knots, the weak interpreters of our sentiments: these knots, whose use I bless, but whose fate I envy, shall behold thee free. From out thy frightful prison thou shalt fly to my arms. As the dove, escaped from the talons of the vulture, flies to participate of happiness with her faithful companion, so shalt thou repose in my heart, yet trembling with agitation,

thy

thy past afflictions; thy tendernefs and my felicity. What joy, what tranfport! To drown thy miferies in blifs! Thou fhalt fee at thy feet thofe brutal mafters of the thunder: and even thofe hands which have loaded thee with fetters, fhall aid in feating thee on the throne.

But why fhould the remembrance of my misfortunes pollute fo pure a happinefs? Why muft I remind thee of miferies that are no more? Do we not depreciate the favours of the gods, when we neglect to enjoy them in their full extent? Not to forget our misfortunes is in a manner to merit them. Yet you defire, my dear *Zilia*, that I fhould add to my afflictions the difgrace of having deferved them. I love thee—I can tell thee—I foon again fhall behold thee: what new eclairciffement can I give thee of my fate? Can I describe what is paff, when I am not able to exprefs the fentiments that at this moment agitate my foul!

soul!——But what do I say? *Zilia*, you will have it so.

Remember then, if you can do it and yet live, that day, that horrid day, whose Aurora was resplendent with joy.

The sun, in the fulness of his glory, spread over my visage the same rays with which he illuminated thine. Transports of joy, and flames of love, enrapt my heart. My soul was lost in that divinity from whom it derives its being. My eyes sparkled with the fires they received from thine, and spoke a thousand desires. Restrained by the decorum of ceremonies, I went to the temple: my heart flew thither. There I beheld thee; more fair than the morning star, more blooming than the new blown rose; accusing the *Cucipatas* of delay; and to me tenderly lamenting the obstacle by which we were yet separated. When in a moment, O dreadful remembrance! The lightnings flashed, the thunder roared. At the tremendous a-

larm

I fell to the earth.
 Prostrate I adored the sovereign *Yalpor*.
 I implored for thee. The peals were re-
 doubled——they relented——they ceased.
 I rose, trembling for thy safety. What
 horror! what a dreadful prospect! sur-
 rounded by a cloud of sulphur, by flames
 and by blood; in a frightful confusion,
 my eyes saw nothing but death; my ears
 heard nothing but screams; my heart
 sought nothing but thee; and every ob-
 ject told it thou wert lost. I still hear
 the thunder that struck thee: I see thee
 pale, disfigured; thy bosom smeared with
 blood and dust: a cruel fire devours
 thee.

The clouds disappear: the obscurity is
 dispersed. Can you believe it, *Zilia*?
 It was not the great *Yalpor*. The Gods
 are not so cruel. Those barbarians, the
 usurpers of their power, had used it to
 our destruction. No sooner did I disco-
 ver the detested crew, than I sprang a-

midst them. Love, and the Gods whose powers they had profaned, lent me their aid. Thy presence augmented it. I bore down all before me. Yet a moment and I had secured thee: but they bore you through the sacred portal, and you vanished from my sight. Grief seized my soul: despair drew tears from my eyes. Distracted with rage, I darted on them. They surrounded me. By the fury of the assault, my very arms were destroyed. Exhausted by the violence of my efforts, and overpowered by numbers, I fell upon the profaned bodies of my ancestors*. There my blood and my tears were ignominiously shed amidst thy expiring companions; even on those garlands which thy hands had woven, and with which thou shouldst have crowned my head. A mortal coldness seized my senses. My

* The *Peruvian* place the embalmed bodies of their kings in their temples.

fight grew dim, it vanished. I ceased to live, but could not cease to love thee.

Doubtless it was love, and the hopes of avenging thy injuries, my dear *Zilia*, that restored me to life. I found myself in my palace, surrounded by my attendants. Fury was succeeded by despondency: I sent forth the most bitter lamentations. Then seized my arms, and urged my guards to vengeance. Perish! I cried, perish! those impious wretches, who have violated our most sacred asylums! Arm! attack! destroy the inhuman monsters! Nothing could calm my transports; till *Capa Inca*, my father, informed of my fury, assured me that I should again behold thee; that you were in safety; and that we should yet enjoy each other. What new transport, what extasies then possessed my soul. O my dear *Zilia*, can the heart that has once known such pleasure ever exist without it?

A base avidity for a despicable metal, was the sole motive that brought these barbarians to our coasts. My father knew their designs, and has prevented their demands. No sooner shall they have restored thee to my vows, than they will depart, loaded with presents. This people, whom gold has armed against us, and has made our friends, are now divested of their ferocity, and give us incessant marks of their gratitude and respect. They bow down before me, as our *Cucipatas* do before the sun. Is it possible that a wretched mass of matter can thus change the heart of man; and of barbarians, as they were, make them the instruments of my felicity. Is it in the power of a metal, and of monsters, to retard, and at last to complete our happiness.

Adorable *Zilia*! Light of my soul! What agitations has thy description of our direful separation given me? I have been present with thee in every danger. My
fury

fury was renewed: but the assurances of thy love, like a potent balm, has appeased that wound which you gave my heart. No, *Zilia*, life has no joy to be compared with thy love: all my powers are lost in that passion: my impatience increases every moment: it devours me; I burn; I die.

Zilia! give me back my life. O that *Lbuama* * would lend you his wings—that the swiftest lightning could bear you to my arms—while my heart, yet more swiftly, flies to meet thee.

* The great eagle of *Peru*.

L E T T E R II.

To Zilia.

DOES this earth yet exist, O *Zilia*? *

Do we still behold the light of the sun, while fallhood and treason are in his empire! Even the virtues themselves are banished from my distracted heart. Despair and fury have taken their place.

Those brutal *Spaniards*, who had the audacity to load thee with fetters, but were too base, too inhuman to free thee
from

* This letter was not sent to her.

from them, have dared to deceive me. In violation of their promises you are not yet restored to me.

Yalpor, why dost thou withhold thy hand? Dart, against these perfidious wretches, destructive thunders, like those they have purloined from thee. May some noxious flame, after a thousand torments, reduce them to ashes. Cruel monsters! whose crime the blood of thy latest posterity can alone expiate.* Perfidious nation, whose cities should be laid waste, the land sowed with stones, and deluged with blood. What horrors do you join to an infamous perjury!

Already has the sacred rays of the sun twice enlightened his children, and my beloved *Zilia* is not yet restored to my
impatient

* The *Peruvians* extend the punishment of crimes to the descendants of the transgressor: and where any great offence is committed, the city is treated as here described.

impatient wishes. Those eyes, in which I ought to place my felicity, are at this moment drowned in floods of grief! It is, perhaps, through the most bitter tears those fires are darted, which ought to inflame my heart. Those arms in which the gods should have crowned the most ardent love, are, perhaps, at this moment loaded with base fetters. O baneful grief! O distracting thought!

Tremble, vile mortals! The sun has lent me his avenging powers. My injured love shall render them still more destructive.

It is by thee I swear, thou animating fire, from whom we have received our being, and by whom we exist.* It is by thy pure flames, with whose divine ardor I am now possessed; O sun! may I never more behold thy genial rays:
plunged

* The *Peruvians* suppose the soul to be an emanation from the sun.

plunged in horrid night, may the pleasing Aurora never again proclaim thy return; if *Aza* do not destroy that atrocious race who have dared to pollute these sacred regions with falsehood. Thou, my beloved *Zilia*, the unhappy object of all my transports, dry up thy tears. Thou shalt soon behold thy lover overthrow his enemies, break thy fetters, and cast them on his foes. Every moment augments my fury and their punishment. A cruel joy is already in possession of my heart. At this moment I seem to bathe in the blood of those perfidious monsters. My rage is equal to my love.

I go to surpass them in barbarity: that shall be my guide; I haste to the pursuit. *Zilia*, my dearest *Zilia*, be assured of victory, for it is thy wrongs I go to avenge.

L E T T E R III.

*From Madrid.**To Kanhuiscap.*

WHAT divinity, sensible of my wrongs, generous friend, has preserved thee to be the comforter of my distress? Is it true then, that in the midst of the most horrid afflictions, we can taste some pleasure? and that how unfortunate soever in ourselves we can contribute to the happiness of others? Thy hands are loaded with fetters, and yet they afford me comfort: thy mind is lost in grief, but still you diminish my infelicity.

A stranger,

A stranger, and a captive, in these barbarous regions, you make me still enjoy my country, though so far distant from it. Dead to the rest of mankind, I would live alone for you. It is only to you that my distracted mind is able to express itself, and that my feeble hands can sometimes form those knots which unite us in defiance of our cruel enemies.

You will forgive me, if the most tender and ardent love does more frequently present itself, than friendship and revenge. The pleasures of the one are a consolation, the violence of the other has its charms: but all things yield to love.

It is not, that subdued by the strokes of fortune, my afflictions have diminished my courage. A king, I think as a king: though a slave, I suffer no sentiments of slavery to approach me. I thirst for vengeance, though without hope. Fain would I change both thy lot and my own. Alas! I can only deplore them.

. From

From our native land we were transported to a new world ; and in spite of my prayers, we were separated. Our friendship became an object of fear to our conquerors : accustomed to crimes, could they do otherwise than dread our virtues ? Was it thus, *Kanbuisca*, that the day should have ended, on which thy courage and mine, and what is more, my love, ought to have rendered me, by victory, worthy of the power that had armed me ; of that bright star which gave me birth ; and worthy of thy applause : when the Sun, the foe to perjury, should have avenged his children ; should have feasted them with the smoaking flesh of those detested monsters, and have drenched them with their blood ?

Is it thus that I must revenge the wrongs of *Zilia* ? while she, consumed by the most ardent love, still burns in those fetters which I cannot break. *Zilia* ! whom the infamous ravishers O ye Gods, hide from
me

me those dreadful images What
do I say, *Kankuiscap*, the Gods themselves
cannot banish them from my mind. I
can no longer behold my *Zilia*; a cruel
element divides us. Perhaps her griefs
—our enemies—the waves a mortal
stroke now pierces my heart. My friend
I sink under the weight of my distress.
My *Quipos* fall from my hands. *Zilia*
. . . . my beloved *Zilia*!

LET-

LETTER IV.

To the same.

Faithful *Anqui*, thy *Quipos* have for a moment suspended my alarms, but they cannot disperse them. To that healing balm which thy friendship spreads over my woes, constantly succeeds a dreadful remembrance. At every instant I see my *Zilia* in fetters; the Sun disgraced; his temples profaned: I behold my father bending under the weight of chains, as well as years: I see my country desolated. I exist by miseries alone; and every circumstance serves to increase them. The
shades

shades of the night present me with nought but frightful images. In vain do I seek for tranquillity in the arms of sleep ; there I find nothing but torments. This very night *Zilia* again presented herself before me. The horrors of death were painted on her countenance. My name seemed to escape from her dying lips : I saw it traced on the *Quipos* that fell from her hands. Unknown barbarians, their arms stained with blood, in the midst of flames and tumult, took her from one of those enormous machines in which we were transported. They seemed to present her in triumph to their hideous chief : when, in an instant, the sea mounting to the clouds, offered nothing to my sight but waves of blood, floating carcases, large logs of wood partly consumed, fires, and devouring flames.

In vain would I dissipate these melancholy ideas ; they continually return, and fix themselves in my mind. Nothing alleviates

leviates my distress: every thing augments it. I hate even the air I breathe. I reproach the waves with not having swallowed me up. I complain to the Gods that they still suffer me to exist. If their bounty, less cruel, permitted me to forsake this light; if I could dispose of this spark of divinity which they have communicated to me; if it were not a horrible crime for a mortal to destroy the work of the divinity; could my weakness be condemned, *Kanbuiscap*? Ought my spirit to wander in the air? My miseries would have an end. But what do I say? Each day increases them. Participate with me, O *Kanbuiscap*! my piercing griefs: learn, if it be possible, some news of *Zilia*; while my distracted heart demands her of the Gods—of all nature—of myself.

LET:

LETTER V.

To the same.

MAY those divine rays which give us life, comfort thee with their most benignant warmth. *Kanbuisca*, thou hast kindled in my heart the most flattering hopes. The progress you have made in the *Spanish* language has already enabled you to learn, that the first vessels which are expected to arrive on the coast where you dwell, will come from the empire of the Sun. By them you will know the fate of her for whom alone I exist. Judge therefore with what impatience I attend

attend your informations. I already launch forth into the regions of happiness. The situation of *Zilia* is laid open to my sight. Already do I see her restored to the temple of the Sun; void of all grief but that of my distance from her. There she decks the altars of the God, and adorns them as much by her charms as by the works of her hands. As some beauteous flower after a storm, but still agitated by the winds, receives the fresh rays of the Sun, while the water that covers it serves only to augment its lustre; so does *Zilia* seem more blooming, and more dear to my heart. Now she appears to me like the Sun after a long obscurity, whose bright beams dazzle the sight, and declare the return of a pleasing season. Then I seem to be at her feet. There I experience concern, emotion, pleasure, respect, tenderness, and all those sentiments with which I was affected, when in reality I enjoyed her presence.

Even

Even those, *Kankuiscap*, with which her heart was agitated, I then prove. How strong are the chains of illusion ! but yet how delightful ! My real evils are destroyed by imaginary pleasures. I behold *Zilia* happy ; and my felicity is complete.

O my dear *Kankuiscap*, do not frustrate a hope in which my happiness consists, and which may be destroyed by impatience alone. Do not let the least retardment, my generous friend, delay my happiness. May thy *Quipos*, knotted by the hands of gladness, be borne to me upon the wings of the wind : and in return for thy friendship, may the most exquisite perfumes be continually diffused over thy head.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

To the same.

OF what delicious waters hast thou made use, my dear friend, to quench that cruel fire which devoured my heart? To inquietudes that distracted me unceasingly, and to griefs by which I was totally overwhelmed, you have made to succeed tranquillity and joy. I soon shall again behold my *Zilia*. O happiness almost unhop'd for! But yet she is withheld from me. O cruel procrastination! In vain does my heart go forth to meet

her.

her. In vain does my whole soul attempt
to mix with hers; there is still enough
left to tell me that I am far from her.

Soon shall I again behold her; and
that delightful thought, far from calm-
ing, increases my inquietude. Separated
from my life itself, judge what torments
I endure. At each moment I die; and
recover but to desire in vain. Like the
hunter who in running to quench, aug-
ments the thirst that devours him, so does
my hope render more fierce the flame that
consumes me. The nearer I approach to
an union with *Zilia*, the more I fear to lose
her. How often, my faithful friend, has
one moment already separated us: and
that cruel moment, at the height of my
felicity, I still fear.

An element, cruel as inconstant, is the
depository of my happiness. Say you not,
that *Zilia* abandons the empire of the
sun, to come to these horrid climates?
A long time wandering on the sea before
she

she can reach these coasts, what dangers has she not to experience? And how much more have I not to fear for her? But whether does my passion carry me! I am talking of misery, when all things promise happiness; joys of which the thought alone! Ah! *Kanbuiscap*, what transports, what feelings hitherto unknown!—Every sense separately enjoys the same pleasure—*Zilia* is before my eyes. I hear the tender accents of her voice. I embrace her: I die.

LET

L E T T E R VII.

To the same.

AS subject to vicissitude, as accident can prevent my felicity, *Kanbuisca*, so the term to which you refer its completion must necessarily diminish it.

Before the sun can make me happy, he must a hundred times enlighten the world! Before that immensity of time, *Zilia* cannot be restored to me!

In vain does friendship endeavour to soften the rigours of my lot: it can by no means divest me of anxiety.

Alonzo,

Alonzo, whom the unjust *Capa Inca* of the *Spainiards* has appointed to set, with my father, on the throne of the sun: *Alonzo*, to whom the *Spainiards* have given me in charge, in vain attempts to free me from my distress. The friendship which he shows me; the customs of his countrymen which he points out to me; the amusements that he endeavours to procure me: the reflections to which I abandon myself, are not able to make me forget my misfortunes.

That piercing grief into which the separation from *Zilia* had thrown me, has hitherto prevented me from giving any attention to the objects that surround me. I saw, I breathed nothing but misery. I seemed to find pleasure, so to say, in my misfortunes: scarce could I be said to live, how then could I form reflections? But no sooner had I given to joy those moments that love assigned it, then I began to open my eyes. What objects
then

then struck my sight! I cannot describe to you how much they yet surprise me. I found myself alone, in the midst of a world that I never thought had existed. I there saw beings whom I resemble. We each appeared to be seized with an equal surprise: my eager looks were lost in theirs. A numberless people are continually agitated in the same circle, and in which they seem to be confined. Others that are seldom seen, and who are distinguished from the former by their idleness alone. Tumults, cries, quarrels, combats, a frightful uproar and one continued confusion. This at first, was all that I could discern.

At the beginning my mind embracing too many objects, could not distinguish any one of them. It was not long before I was sensible of this; I therefore determined to prescribe bounds to my observations, and to begin with reflecting on those objects that were nearest to me: the house of *Alonzo* therefore is become

the center of my thoughts. The *Spaniards*, I there see seem to be subjects sufficient to employ me for a long time; and by their dispositions I shall be enabled to judge of those of their fellow countrymen. *Alonzo*, who has dwelt a considerable time in our country, and consequently is conversant in our language and customs, aids me in the discoveries I would make. This sincere friend, uninfected with the prejudices of his countrymen, frequently points out to me the ridiculous part of their conduct. Behold that grave man, said he to me, the other day, who by his haughty mien, his curled mustachoes, his high crowned cap and numerous train, you would take for another *Huayna Capac**; but he is a *Cucipatas*, who has sworn to our *Pachacamac* to be humble, meek, and poor. He that you saw drink those large draughts of liquors, that have

left

* The name of the great conqueror of *Peru*.

left him scarce any remains of reason, is a judge; who within an hour, is to decide on the lives or fortunes of a number of citizens. That man you see who is more amorous of himself, than of the lady to whom he seems to pay so much regard: he who can scarce support the heat of the weather, and of that perfumed habit which he wears: who talks with so much emotion on the least trifle: whose debaucheries have sunk his eyes, paled his visage, and even destroyed his voice; that is a general, who is to lead thirty thousand men to battle.

It is thus, *Kanbuiscap*, by the aid of *Alonzo*, that I dissipate, for some moments, the anxieties that consumes me. But, alas! they soon return: for the amusements of the mind must forever give place to the affections of the heart.

L E T T E R VIII.

To the same.

THE observations which *Alonzo* has enabled me to make of the characters of his countrymen, have not prevented me from sometimes reflecting on his own. Though I am an admirer of the virtues of this sincere friend, I do not forbear to remark his defects. Wise, generous, and brave, he is notwithstanding weak, and subject to those very follies he condemns. Behold that respectable and dreadful warrior, he said, that firm defender of our country, that man who by a single glance of his eye can make thousands obey him : yet he is a slave in his

his own house, and subject to every little caprice of his wife. So does *Alonzo* appear to me when his daughter *Zulmira* enters. From the imperious air she constantly affects when her father tenderly embraces her, I am convinced that *Alonzo* is, with regard to his daughter, what the warrior is to his wife: and do not imagine that he is the only *Spaniard* who does not spare in others the faults of which he is himself guilty. I was walking the other day in a public garden, where I distinguished among the crowd, a little monster, about the size of a *Vicunna* *, his legs were contorted like the *Amaruc* †, and his head so sunk between his shoulders, that scarce could he move it. I could not restrain from commiserating the lot of this unfortunate creature, when I was surprised by loud peals of laughter. I turned toward

* A kind of *Indian* goat.

† The adder of the *Indians*.

toward the part from whence they came : But what was my surprise ! when I found that they were caused by a man, almost as deformed as the other, and who was pointing out to the company, the distortions of his brother. Is it possible we can be so blind to our own faults, when we are so sensible of them in others ? Does the excess of virtue then become a vice ?

Alonzo, though subject to his daughter, would be inexcusable not to love her. The vivacity of her wit, the beauty and the graces which the creator has given her : her stately port, and the tender language of her eyes, in spite of the fire with which they sparkle ; convince me that she has a heart sensible, but vain ; that she is tender, but impetuous, even in the most trifling pursuits. What a difference, my dear friend, between her and *Zilia* ! *Zilia*, who almost insensible to her beauty, would hide it from every one
but

but her conqueror: she who is conducted by candour and modesty, and whose heart, the purest and most tender love alone possesses; in whom the movements of pride have no place, who despises all the turns of art; she who knows of no means to please but by love; she who Ah! how fierce the flame that now consumes my heart? *Zilia!* my beloved *Zilia!* Shall I never again behold thee? What can yet retard our felicity? Are the gods themselves jealous of the happiness of a mortal? O my dear friend, if it be to them alone that belong the joys of love, why are we made sensible to the power of beauty? Or why, when masters of our hearts, do they suffer us to aspire after a happiness, which they are unwilling we should possess?

LET-

LETTER IX:

To the same.

WITHOUT the assistance of the *Spanish* language, the reflections which *Alonzo* communicates to me could not extend beyond certain bounds, and those which I made myself could be but superficial. Desirous of diverting my impatience, I have sought a master who could instruct me in this language. The informations he has given me, have already enabled me to profit by conversation, and to examine more nearly, the genius and taste of a people who seem to have been created solely for the destruction of mankind; of whom, however, they

they appear to think themselves the ornament. At first I imagined that these ambitious barbarians, who employ themselves in contriving miseries for nations of whom they are ignorant; drank nothing but blood: beheld the sun through a thick smog only, and were solely employed in forging instruments of death: for you know (as well as myself) that the thunder with which they smote us, was formed by them. I expected to have found in their cities nothing but makers of thunder: soldiers exercising in the course, or combat: princes stained with the blood they had shed, and braving, in order to enable them to shed more, the heats of the day, the rigours of winter, fatigue, and death itself.

You will easily conceive my surprise, when instead of that theatre of blood which I had formed in my imagination, I here found the throne of mercy.

This people, who, I believe, are cruel toward us only, appear to be governed by benevolence. The inhabitants seem to be united by a close friendship. They never meet without giving marks of esteem, amity, and even respect. These sentiments sparkle in their eyes, and govern their bodies. They bow down before each other. In a word, by their continual embraces, they appear to be rather one family, happily united, than a collection of people.

Those warriors, who to us appeared so formidable, are here no other than old men, who are still more amiable than the rest; or youths, gay, gentle and officious to please. That urbanity which governs them, that ease with which they perform all actions, those pleasures which are their only studies, and those sentiments of humanity which they discover, induces me to think that they have two souls, one for society, the other for war.

In

In fact, what a difference ! You have seen them, my friend, bring within our walls desolation, horror, and death. The groans of our women expiring by their wounds ; the venerable age of our fathers, the piercing cries sent forth by the tender organs of our children, the majesty of our temples, the sacred awe that surrounds them ; all things served to augment their barbarity.

And now I behold them adoring those virtues they then destroyed : giving honour to age ; stretching forth a benignant hand to infancy, and venerating the temples they profaned : can these therefore be the same men ?

LET.

L E T T E R X.

To the same.

THE more I reflect on the variety of dispositions among the *Spaniards*, the less able am I to determine the principle from whence they proceed. This nation seems to have but one that is general, and it is that which leads to idleness. There is here, however, a divinity that nearly resembles it, and this is called *Taste*. A large select number of adorers sacrifice all things to this; even their tranquillity. There is, however, a party (and that party is the most sincere) who acknowledge that they know not who this divinity is. The others, more presuming,

suming, give definitions of it, which are as unintelligible to themselves as to the rest of mankind. According to many, it is a divinity that is not the less real for being invisible. Every one ought to feel its inspirations. We are to agree with the sculpture, that it is concealed under a figure of a hideous shape, which appears to flutter with the two wings of a bat, and which an infant holds elegantly enchained with a garland of flowers. One of those sort of men, whom they call here *petit maitres*, will oblige you to believe that this divinity is to be found in his waistcoat, and not in that of his companion, and the proof he brings (which you cannot refute) is that the button holes of his waistcoat are either greater or less than those of the other.

Some day since I saw an edifice of which I had heard very unintelligible accounts. When I approached it, I found at the gate two troops of *Spaniards*, who seemed

ed to be at open war with each other. I asked of one who accompanied me, what was the cause of their contention. It is, he replied, a matter of great consequence. They are about to determine the reputation of this temple, and the rank it shall hold with posterity. These people you here see are connoisseurs. The one side asserts, that it is a mere heap of stones, remarkable for nothing but its enormity. The other maintains that it is by no means enormous, but is constructed in true taste.

Leaving these connoisseurs, I entered the temple. I had gone but a few paces, when I saw painted against the wall, the figure of a venerable old man, the serenity and dignity of whose features inspired respect. He appeared to be borne upon the winds, and was surrounded by winged infants whose eyes were directed to the earth. Whom does that picture represent? I said: It is, replied an old

Cuci-

Cucipatas, after several inclinations of his body, the representation of the Lord of the universe, who by the breath of his nostrils, produced all things out of nothing. But have you examined, he cried with precipitation, those precious stones which cover this altar? He had scarce finished those words, when the beauty of one of those diamonds had struck me. It represented a man whose head was incircled with laurels. I immediately asked who the man was, that had merited a place by the side of the Creator. It is, replied the *Cucipatas* with a smile, the head of the most cruel and most despicable prince that ever existed. That answer threw me into a series of reflections which the want of expressions prevents me from communicating. When I had recovered from my first astonishment, with respectful steps I was quitting the temple, when another object struck me. In an obscure place I discovered, amidst the dust, the
head

of an old man, who had neither the majesty nor the benignity of the other. But what was my astonishment, when they would have persuaded me that it was the portrait of the same divinity, the Creator of all things. The little respect which the *Cucipatas* appeared to have for this head prevented me from believing it, and I came away, offended with the imposition. For in fact, what appearance is there, *Kankuiscap*, that the same men, in the same place, should adore a God, and tread him under their feet.

This is not the only contradiction that is to be found among the *Spaniards*. Nothing is more common than those inconsistencies which time produces in this country.

Why do they destroy that palace, whose solidity promises at least another century of duration? Because, they reply, it is not in taste. When first erected, it was considered as a *chef-d'œuvre*, and was built

at

at a great expence. But in these days it appears ridiculous.

Though this nation is so much a slave to this pretended taste, yet it is not necessary that every particular person have it. There are here people of taste, who sell it dearly to those who by caprice imagine them to be in possession of it. *Alonzo* made me remark, the other day, one of those men who have the reputation of dressing themselves with a certain elegance, in which, according to him, they place great merit. As a contrast to that man, he showed me at the same another who was regarded as having no taste. I am unable to decide between them, seeing the public, before whom they appear, agrees in laughing at both of them. From whence the only real difference that I can discover between him who has taste, and them who has none, is, that they both depart from nature, but by different ways; and that the God they call *Taste*, fixes his abode
some-

sometimes at the end of one of these paths, and sometimes at that of the other. Unhappy therefore is the man who takes the wrong path : he is disgraced and despised ; till the God, changing his abode at the moment he least thinks of it, puts it in his power, to treat others with equal severity.

However, *Kanbuiscap*, if you will believe the *Spaniards*, nothing is more invariable than taste, and the reason of its having so often changed, is because their ancestors were ignorant of that in which it truly consists. But much I fear that the same reproach will be made by their latest posterity.

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L E T T E R XI.

CAN I express my surprize, *Kankuiscap*, when I find that in this country, which I imagined to have been inhabited by virtue itself, that it is only by force that men are here virtuous. It is the fear of punishment and of death, that alone inspire men here with those sentiments that I thought nature had engraved in their hearts. There are, in this country, whole volumes, which are filled with the prohibitions of vice. There is no crime so horrid but what has here its proper punishment assigned it ; nay, that has not an example. In fact, it was not so much a wise precaution, as the models of vices, that have dictated the decrees by which they

they are prohibited. To judge by these laws, what crimes are there that the *Spaniards* have not committed? They have a God, and have blasphemed him; a king and have rebelled against him; a faith which they have violated. They love and respect, yet murder each other. They are friends, yet betray; they are united by religion, yet detest their brethren. Where then, I am continually asking myself, is that union which I at first remarked among this people? That pleasing chain by which friendship seemed to have united their hearts? Can I imagine that it was formed of nothing but fear or interest? But what I find most astonishing, is the continuance of these laws. What? can a people who have violated the most sacred laws of nature, and have stifled her voice, suffer themselves to be governed by the feeble voice of their ancestors! Can this people, like their *Hamas*, open the mouth to a bit, which is offered them by

a man

a man whose equal they have already destroyed! Ah! *Kankuiscap*, how unhappy is the prince who reigns over such a people! How many snares has he to avoid? If he would preserve his authority, he must be virtuous; yet he has constantly vice before his eyes: Perjury surrounds him; Pride goes before him; Perfidy, with downcast looks, follows his footsteps; and never can he behold Truth, but by the false glare of the torch of Envy.

Such is the true picture of that throng which surrounds the prince, and which they call the court. The nearer we approach the throne, the further we recede from virtue. We there see a vile flatterer by the side of the defender of his country; a buffoon linked with the most consummate minister; Perjury, escaped from its just punishment, there usurps the rank of Probity. Yet from the midst of this crowd of criminals it is, that the king pronounces justice. There it should seem as if the laws

laws are only taught by those who are the violators. The judgment that condemns one criminal, is frequently signed by another. For how rigorous soever these laws may be, they are not made for every one. In the closet of the judge, a fine woman in tears falling at his feet; or a man who brings with him a considerable quantity of pieces of gold; easily exculpates the most atrocious criminal, while the innocent expire in tortures.

O *Kankuiscap* ! how happy are the children of the Sun, who are guided by rectitude alone ! Ignorant of vice, they fear no punishment; and as Virtue is their judge, Nature is their law.

LET.

L E T T E R XII.

To the same.

IT rarely happens, that the first point of view from which we behold any object, is that from which it appears in the truest light. What difference, *Kanbuischap*, between this people and those I thought I first saw. All their virtue is nothing but a slender veil, through which we distinguish the features of those who would screen themselves from our view. Under the dazzling eclat of the most virtuous actions, you may constantly discern the seeds of some vice. Like the rays of the Sun, which, while they seem to give a lustre

lustre to the colour of the rose, discover the thorns that are hid beneath it.

An insupportable pride is the source of that amiable union with which I was at first so highly charmed. The tender embrace, the affected respect, proceed from the same source. The least inflexion of the body is here regarded as an acknowledgment that is due to rank or friendship. The most detestable characters in the nation, and they who have the greatest aversion, mutually render each other this false homage.

A great man passes by you, and uncovers his head; that is an honour: he smiles upon you; that is a favour. But it is not remembered, that the purchase of this honourable salute, and of this flattering smile, is attended with a thousand submissions and mortifications. To speak more justly, in order to obtain these honours, it is necessary to become a slave.

Pride

Pride has still another vail, and that is gravity: that varnish which gives an air of reason to the most senseless actions. He who, though possessed of great wit and sense, is regarded as a fool, would have been held in the highest esteem, though totally destitute of both those accomplishments, if he had but concealed his love of pleasure. To be wise is nothing; the only thing necessary is to appear so.

That man, whose sagacity and accomplishments correspond with the benignity of his countenance, said *Alonzo* the other day; that man of an almost universal genius, has been excluded from the most important employments, for having once laughed inconsiderately.

You will not be surprized therefore, *Kanbuiscap*, that they here perform actions in themselves the most sottish, with the utmost solemnity. This affected gravity, however, makes no great impression on

me. I perceive the pride of him by whom it is used, and the more he esteems himself, the more I despise him. Are merit and mirth by nature antipathies? No; for reason never suffers by those pleasures which the mind alone enjoys.

L E T.

L E T T E R XIII.

To the same.

I Cannot avoid again repeating to you, *Kanbuiscap*, that there seems to me to be something undefineable in the character of the *Spaniards*. Every day produces some fresh contradiction. What do you think, for example, of the following? This people have a divinity whom they adore *; but far from making him any offerings, it is their God who nourishes them. You see in their temples no *Cu-*
I 2 *raccas,*

* We must remember here, that it is a *Peruvian* who speaks, and one who has but a very imperfect notion of our religion.

raccas †, as symbols of their wants. In a word, there are certain times of the day, when you would take these temples for deserted palaces.

Certain ancient women, however, remain there almost the whole day. The air of devotion which they affect, and the tears which they shed, attracted at first my regard; and the disdain with which they were treated, excited my compassion; till I was undeceived by *Alonzo*. Those women, said he, who have acquired your esteem, are but little known to you. One of those you see is paid by prostitutes, to procure them traffic for their charms. That other sacrifices her fortune and her repose to the destruction of her family.

Unnatural mothers trust their children to those they would not trust a trifling jewel, in order to come here and adore a
God,

† These *Curaccas* were statues of different metals, and in different habits, which they placed in their temples; and were a sort of *ex voto*, to express the several wants of those that offered them.

God, who, according to their own confession, has given them no stronger commandment than that of properly educating those children.

Others, having forsaken the pleasures of the world because they can no longer enjoy them, here make a virtue of depreciating vices which they have observed in other sinners.

How difficult are these barbarous nations, *Kanbuiscap*, to reconcile with themselves. Their religion is not more difficult to reconcile with that of nature.

They acknowledge with us a God, the creator, who differs, it is true, from ours, as he is entirely a pure substance; or to speak more properly, an assemblage of all perfections. No limits can be prescribed to his power; his being can suffer no variation. Wisdom, justice and mercy, omnipotence and immutability, compose his essence. This God has ever existed, and forever will exist. Such is the definition
which

which one of the *Cucipatas* of this empire have given me : for they are ignorant of nothing that has happened since, nor even before the creation of the world.

It was this God who placed mankind upon the earth, as in a garden of pleasure : but they were soon plunged into an abyss of pains and miseries ; after which they were destroyed. One man, however, was exempted from this general destruction, and reseeded the earth ; with men still more wicked than the former. God, notwithstanding, far from punishing them, chose from among them a certain number, to whom he dictated his laws, and promised to send his Son. But this ungrateful people, forgetting the goodness of God, sacrificed his Son, the most dear pledge of his paternal tenderness. Rendered by this crime the object of God's hatred, that nation was visited by his vengeance. Wandering incessantly from country to country, the whole universe was a witness of their

their chastisement. It was on other men, until that time less worthy of the divine favour, that the Son, so long promised, bestowed his munificence. It was for them that he instituted new laws, which differed but in a few things from those that were before.

Such, my sagacious friend, was the conduct of their God toward mankind. Now, how will you reconcile this with his essence * ? He is almighty and immutable. He created these people to make them happy ; and yet they were not rendered by any means free from the infirmities of human nature. He would have them happy, yet their laws forbid them that pleasure which he has made for them, as they for pleasure. He is just, and does not punish in the children those crimes which he has so severely punished in the fathers.

* We should still remember, that it is an unlearned *Peruvian* who speaks.

fathers. He is merciful, and his clemency is not sooner exhausted than his severity.

Persuaded as they are of the goodness, wisdom, and power of God, you will perhaps imagine, *Kankuisap*, that the *Spaniards* are faithful to his laws, and follow them with precision : but if you think so, your error is great. Abandoned incessantly, and without reserve, to vices prohibited by his laws, they prove, that either the justice of God is not sufficiently severe ; that he does not punish those actions which he forbids : or that his laws are too rigid, as they prohibit those actions which his goodness prevents him from punishing.

LET.

L E T T E R XIV.

To the same.

PERhaps you may have thought, my faithful friend, that softened by time, the impatience which devoured my heart, began to be exhausted. I pardon thy error ; for I myself have been the cause of it. The reflections you have seen me give myself up to, for some time past, could not proceed, as you thought, but from a heart that was at ease. No longer persist in an error that is injurious to me. Impatience frequently borrows from a seeming tranquillity the most cruel arms. This I have but too much experienced. My mind contemplated with a wandering eye,

the different objects that presented themselves : my heart was not the less devoured by impatience. Constantly present to my sight, *Zilia* perpetuated my anxiety, even in those moments when my philosophy seemed to you to secure my tranquillity.

An application to the sciences may divert, but it can never make us forget our passions : and even if it had that power, what could it effect on an inclination that is founded on reason. My love, you know, is not one of those transient vapours, which raised by caprice, are soon dissipated. Reason, that taught me to know my heart, told me that it was made for love. It was by the light of his torch I first perceived I loved. Could I refrain from following his steps? He showed me beauty in the eyes of *Zilia* : he made me feel its power, her charms, and my felicity : and far from opposing my happiness, reason taught me that it frequently

quently alone consisted in the art of raising and preserving pleasures. You will judge then, *Kanbuisca*, if philosophy has been able to diminish my love. The reflections I have made on the *Spanish* women cannot but increase it. That great disparity of virtue, of beauty and sentiment, which I have remarked between them and *Zilia*, makes me more sensible of my misery in being separated from her.

That pure candor, that amiable freedom, those soft transports in which her soul delights, are here mere veils to cover licentiousness and perfidy. To conceal the most ardent passion, in order to display one that they do not feel, far from being punished as a vice, is here regarded as an accomplishment. To attempt to please any particular person is a crime; not to please all is a disgrace. Such are the principles of Virtue that they here engrave on the hearts of their women. When any
one

one of them has the happiness, if it be a happiness, to be esteemed beautiful, she must prepare to receive the homage of a crowd of adorers, whose worship she is to reward, by at least one glance of the eye each day. When a woman of this sort is what they call a coquette, the first step she takes is to find out among the crowd, him who is the most opulent. This discovery being made, all her actions, all her arts tend to captivate him : she succeeds, and marries him : then she consults her heart. Her beauty now is employed to another purpose ; she goes daily to the temples, and to the public places : there, through a veil that prevents her blushes, she regards, with a steady eye, the faithful troop that passes before her.

Alvarez and *Pedro* soon divide her heart. She balances between them, and decides for the former ; but concealing her choice from both, leaves them to sigh.

figh. Without discouraging *Pedro*, she makes *Alvarez* happy: grows tired of him, and returns to *Pedro*, whom she soon abandons for another. This is not the most difficult of her enterprizes. She is to persuade all the world that she loves her husband, and to convince him of his happiness, in having a wife who scrupulously performs her duty.

The public has also a duty to perform, which it does with great punctuality; and that is to remind the husband that he is married to a fine woman.

These contagious examples appear to have extended even to *Zulmira*, whose heart they have infected. I think I discover, that though yet a child, she is possessed with the dangerous passion of desiring to please. Every trifling action, her most indifferent regards, have constantly something that seems to come from the heart. Her flattering discourses,

courses, her expressive looks, the affecting tone of her voice, which is frequently lost in tender sighs, all declare it. Thus it is, *Kankuiscap*, that by different arts, Virtue here has frequently the outward appearance of Vice, while Vice is concealed under the mask of Virtue.

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L E T T E R X V :

To the same.

O That truth at which I am still astonished ! O amazing depth of knowledge ! *Kanbuiscap*, the Sun, that masterpiece of nature, the earth, the prolific sea, are not Gods. A Creator different from ours has produced them ; and by a single look he can destroy them. From the midst of a vast chaos, enveloped by lifeless matter, from the bosom of confusion, he called forth the resplendent stars, and the people who adore them. To every part of matter he gave a productive virtue. The Sun, at his voice, poured forth
its

its light; the Moon received its rays, and transmitted them to us. The earth produced, and nourished by its juices, those trees, those animals which we adore. The sea, whom a God alone could rule, affords us sustenance by the fishes it contains: and man, created master of the universe, reigns over all other creatures. It was the ignorance of those mysteries, my dear friend, that has caused all our misfortunes. Had we been instructed, like the *Spaniards*, in the secrets of nature, we should have known, that the thunder they darted on us was nothing but a mass of matter which is to be found in our own country: that *Xalpor* himself, that terrible God, is no more than a vapour which the earth produces, and whose course is directed by chance: that those furious *Hamas*, which fly before us, we might make subservient to our use: had we known these things, could we have calmly reflected on the dignity of our ancestors, and suffered ourselves

selves to serve as a triumph to these barbarians !

In effect, *Kankuiscap*, it seems as if nature stood full exposed before their eyes. Her most secret actions are known to them. They discover what is doing in the highest heavens, and in the most profound abyss. It seems, moreover, as if it were no longer in the power of nature to change what they have once foreseen.

LET.

LETTER XVI.

To the same.

COULD I have imagined, *Kanbuiscep*, that this people, who seem to enjoy the light of reason in its highest perfection, should be slaves to the opinions of their ancestors? How false soever it may be, a notion once received must here be constantly followed: it cannot be controverted without risk of being taxed, at least, with singularity.

The judgment of nature, her voice so distinct, which we incessantly hear, is drowned; her blazing torch is extinguished by prejudice: a tyrant, who, though hated,

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is nevertheless powerful ; a cheat, who, though well known, is, notwithstanding, dangerous. This tyrant, however, might easily be overcome, if he were not allied with one still more potent than himself ; that is, superstition. It is by this false light that most men are here guided, and which makes them mistake fabulous accounts for real matters of fact. A man who frequents the temples several times a day, who appears with an hypocritical and distorted countenance, what vice soever he may be a slave to, or whatever crimes he may commit, will be generally esteemed ; while the most virtuous, if he throw off the yoke of prejudice, will be treated with contempt. The man void of prejudice, is here said to be void of piety. It is not sufficient to be what is called *wise* ; to this must be added the title of *devote*, or else you must expect that of profligate. The dispensers of the public esteem, those men who are so despicable
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in themselves, will never admit of an intermediate class. To be neither devote nor a libertine, is to them a paradox. Such a man appears to their deluded sight like an amphibious monster.

The *Spaniards* have two divinities, one who presides over virtue, and the other over vice. If without affectation you content yourself with sacrificing to the former only, you will soon be taxed with being a worshipper of the latter. The empire of virtue is by no means absolute; its subjects have much to fear from the divinity of vice. They are constantly obliged to appear in public with arms proper to encounter him, and with which, however, they are not always able to defend themselves. They seized, the other day, a man who had committed many crimes, and they publicly declared that the devil must have led them to that excess of abomination. He had, however, about his neck a sort of cord that had been consecrated

secrated by the *Cucipatas* of the God of Virtue. In one hand he held another cord, on which were strung a number of beads, that had the power of driving away the author of his crimes; and in the other the dagger with which he had committed them.

I was yesterday carried to a spacious place, where a prodigious number of people expressed the highest joy, on beholding several of their fellow-mortals burned to death. The strange habits in which they were dress'd, and that air of satisfaction which appeared in the sacrificers, as if at a triumph, made me take them for victims that those savages were offering to their Gods. But what was my astonishment, when I learned that the God of these barbarians beholds the shedding of blood, not only of men, but of beasts, with abhorrence! With what horror was I seized, when I reflected that it was to the God of mercy these licentious priests

priests made those detested offerings. Can these *Cucipatas* mean to appease their divinity by such sacrifices? Must not the expiation be even more offensive to him than the crimes of the offenders? Ah, *Kanbuiscap*, how deplorable an error.

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L E T T E R XVII.

To the same.

THE desire of information you appear to have, my faithful friend, at once pleases and perplexes me. You ask for eclarcissement ; proofs of those discoveries, I have imparted to you. Your doubts are excuseable : but I cannot answer your demands. I could have done it a short time since. I conceive matters more easily than I can describe them : and my mind, more docile than my hand, found evidence where it now finds only uncertainty. Two days since I was convinced that the earth was round ; at present I am persuaded that it is flat. Of those

those two ideas my mind can form but one that is indubitable; which is, that it cannot be at the same time both round and flat. It is frequently thus that error leads to evidence.

The sun turns round the earth, one of those men they call philosophers said to me a few days since. I believed it, for he convinced me that it was true. Another came and told me the contrary. I sent for the former and determined to be the judge between them. By what I could learn from their disputes, it is possible that either the one, or the other planet, may make the revolution*: and that the ancestor of one of the disputants was an *Alguasil*.

You

* Our author was either ignorant of this matter, or represents it badly; for that the earth moves round the sun is as demonstrable to any man of common sense, how unlearned soever you may suppose him to be, as that either of them move at all.

You here see all that I have learned from my acquaintance with this rank of men, whose science at first astonished me. The particular regard with which they are treated, is one of those things that surprise me. Is it possible that a people so enlightened, can hold a set of men in such high esteem, for having no other merit than that of thinking? Certainly they must look upon reason as something very wonderful.

A man has a singular way of thinking; speaks little; laughs never; reasons always; is proud, though poor; unable to purchase fine cloaths, he distinguishes himself by his rags. That man is a philosopher, and has a right to be insolent.

Another, who is young, would turn philosophy into a court lady. He dresses her in gorgeous apparel, and tricks her up with paint and powder: she is a laughing coquet, and perfumes announce her approach. They who have been used to

judge by appearances no longer know her. The philosopher appears to them to be a fool. To suspect him of thought would be to suppose that philosophy was not constantly one and the same thing.

Zais had the vapors, said *Alonzo*. She must assign a pretext for it. Philosophy appeared a plausible one to *Zais*. She omitted nothing that might make her pass for a philosopher. She soon began to think herself qualified. Caprice, misanthropy, and pride, justified her right to that title. Nothing now was wanting, but to find a lover who was as singular as herself. She has succeeded.

Zias and her lover compose an academy. Their castle is an observatory. Though already far advanced in life, *Zais*, when in her garden, is *Flora*; in her balcony she is *Urania*. Of her lover, awkward as well as whimsical, she has made a *Celadon*. What is there wanting to so ridiculous a scene? Spectators.

Philo-

Philosophy, *Kanbuischap*, is here less the art of thinking, than a singular way of thinking. All the world are philosophers. To appear to be so, however, is not, as you see, a very easy matter.

LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

OF all that strikes my wondering sight, *Kanbuiscap*, nothing surprises me more, than the behaviour of the *Spaniards* toward their wives. The great care they take to conceal them under an immense heap of cloaths, almost inclines me to think that they are rather ravishers than husbands. By what other motive can they be influenced, but by a fear lest the lawful owners should reclaim what they have stolen from them? For what shame can men find in possessing the gifts of love?

These barbarians are ignorant of the pleasure of being seen in the company of
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those they love : of showing to the whole universe the delicacy of their choice, or the value of their conquest : to burn in public those fires which were kindled in private ; and to communicate to a thousand hearts, that homage due to beauty which one alone can never sufficiently pay. *Zilia* ! O my dearest *Zilia* ! Ye Gods, unjust and cruel ! Why do you yet deprive me of her sight ? My looks, united with her's by tenderness and delight, should teach these unfeeling mortals, that there are no ornaments more precious than the chains of love.

I believe however that jealousy is the motive that induces the *Spaniards* so to conceal their wives ; or rather that it is the perfidy of the women, that forces their husbands to this tyranny. The conjugal oath is that which is the most readily sworn ; can we then be surprised that it is so little regarded ? There are every day to be seen here, two rich heirs, who
unite

unite without affection, live together without love, and separate without regret. Though this state may appear to you to be attended with little anxiety, it is, however, in itself unfortunate. To be loved by a wife is not a happiness, but it is an unhappiness to be hated by her.

Virginity, which is enjoined by their religion, is not more scrupulously regarded than conjugal fidelity, or at most it is only so in appearance. There are here, as in the city of the sun, virgins who devote themselves to the Deity. They converse with the men, however, in a familiar manner. A grate only separates them. Now the use of this separation I am not able to comprehend. For if they have strength enough to preserve their virtue in the midst of the continual intercourse they have with the men, of what use is the grate: and if love takes possession of their hearts, what a weak obstacle is such an

an exciting separation, which give the eyes leave to act, and the heart to speak !

A sort of *Cucipatas* are assiduous in their attendance on those virgins, whom they call nuns ; and under pretence of inspiring them with a pure worship, they excite and encourage in them, those sentiments of love, to which they become a prey. Art, which appears to be banished from their hearts, is not, however, from their looks and their gestures. A certain manner which is to be assumed with the veil, an humble mien, and a studied attitude, are sufficient to employ, during the fourth part of a year, the time, the pains, and even the vigils, of a nun. The eyes of these religious are also more skilfull than those of others. They are pictures in which we see painted all the sentiments of the heart. Tendernefs, innocence, languor, rage, grief, despair and pleasure, are all there expreffed : and if the curtain be dropped over the painting for a moment,

ment, it is only to give time to substitute another picture in its place. What difference between the last look of a religious, and that which succeeds it ! All this artifice is, however, nothing more than the work of one man. A *Cucipatas* has the direction of a mansion filled with nuns ; who are all desirous of pleasing him. They become coquettes ; and their director, how dull soever he may naturally be, is forced to assume an air of coquetry ; gratitude obliges him to it. Sure to please, he contrives fresh means to make himself beloved ; he succeeds, and becomes, in a manner, to be adored. You will judge by the following instances. I am informed that one of these virgins has adorned the head of the image of the god of the *Spaniards* with the hair of a monk. They have also shown me part of a letter wrote by a nun to father T of which the following is nearly the contents.

“ O Jesus !

“ O Jesus ! my father, how unjust you
 “ are ! God is my witness that father
 “ *Ange* does not occupy my thoughts one
 “ moment, and far from being elevated
 “ by his sermon, even to an extasy (as
 “ you reproach me) I was during his
 “ whole discourse employed with think-
 “ ing of nothing but you. Yes, father,
 “ one single word from you makes more
 “ impresson on my heart, on that heart
 “ which you so little know, than all that
 “ father *Ange* could say for whole years
 “ together ; even though it were in the
 “ little parlour of our Abbess, and that
 “ he thought he was talking with her
 “ If my eyes seemed to sparkle, it was
 “ because I was with you when he preach-
 “ ed. O that you could penetrate to my
 “ heart, that you might better under-
 “ stand what I write to you. You came
 “ into the parlour likewise, and never in-
 “ quired after me. Have you forgot me
 “ then ? Do you no longer remember

“ that You never once regarded me
 “ yesterday during your whole visit. Will
 “ heaven so far increase my affliction as to
 “ deprive me of the consolations I receive
 “ from you ? For mercy’s sake, dear fa-
 “ ther, do not abandon me in that distress,
 “ you have now plunged me. I deserve
 “ your pity ; and if you have not com-
 “ passion on me, you will soon hear no
 “ more of the unfortunate *Theresa*.

“ You will receive from the keeper of
 “ our turning box an almond cake of my
 “ making. I have inclosed, in this letter,
 “ a billet that sister *A*—— wrote to fa-
 “ ther don *X*—— I found means to in-
 “ tercept it ; and I think it will afford
 “ you some entertainment. Oh ! that
 “ The bell rings. Adieu.”

After this, *Kanbuiscap*, you cannot re-
 frain from allowing that the *Spaniards* are
 as ridiculous in their amours, as they are
 remorseless in their cruelties. It is only
 in the house of *Alonzo*, I believe, that
 justice

justice and reason prevail. I am not able to determine, however, what I should think of the behaviour of *Zulmira* : it is too tender to be the effect of art alone, and too studied to proceed from the heart.

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LETTER XIX.

To the same.

TO think is a profession: to know oneself is an accomplishment. It is not given to every man, *Kaubuischap*, to read his own heart. There is a certain rank of philosophers here, who alone have that right, or rather that of confounding this knowledge. Far from endeavouring to correct the passions, their only concern is to know from whence they proceed: and this science, which ought to make the bad man blush, serves only to make them see that they have one qualification the more; which is, the unfruitful talent of knowing their own imperfections.

The

The metaphysicians, for that is the name of these philosophers, distinguish in man three principles; the soul, the mind, and the heart: and all their science only tends to know from which of these, such or such an action proceeds. This discovery once made, their arrogance becomes inconceivable. Virtue is not, so to speak, any longer made for them: they think it sufficient to know what it is that produces it; and frequently resemble those who are disgusted with a liquor that is excellent in itself, when they know that it comes from a country that is but little esteemed.

From the same cause it is, that the metaphysician, intoxicated with a science that he thinks wonderful, omits no opportunity of displaying his knowledge. If he writes to his mistress, his letter is nothing more than a precise analysis of the minutest faculties of his soul. His mistress thinks herself obliged to reply in the same style; and

and they confound each other with chimerical distinctions and expressions, which custom has authorized, though it has not rendered intelligible.

Your own reflections on the manners of the *Spaniards*, will easily lead you to those which I have here made.

Would that my heart were free, my generous friend ! I could then paint with more force these thoughts, which have here no other order than that which my present agitation will allow. The time approaches when my miseries will have an end. *Zilia* will at length appear to my impatient sight. The thought of that pleasure disorders my reason. I fly to to meet her. I behold her participate of my anxieties and my pleasures : the tender tears flow from our eyes. Again united after our misfortunes How is my soul afflicted, *Kaubuiscap* ! in what a horrid state will she find me ! The wretched slave of a barbarian, whose fet-

ters perhaps she bears, at the court of a haughty conqueror, Can she remember her lover? Can she think that he still lives? She is in bondage; can she imagine that obstacles sufficiently strong, have been able *Kankuisap*, what ought I to expect? What lot is reserved for me? When I was worthy of her, cruel Gods, you snatched her from my arms. Shall I only find her again to be a fresh witness of my ignominy? And thou, barbarous element, which art to restore me the object of my love, canst thou restore me to my glory?

LET

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LET

LETTER XX.

To the same.

WHAT cruel power has snatched me
 from the darkness of the grave?
 What ungenerous pity has made me again
 behold the detested light? *Kanbuiscap*, my
 misfortunes increase with my days, and
 my strength augments with the excess of
 my misery . . . *Zilia* is no more! . . .
 O horrid despair! O cruel remembrance!
Zilia is no more! and I still breath! and
 these hands, which grief should bind, can
 still form those knots which misery at-
 tends, with tears bedew, and which are
 conveyed to thee by despair.

In vain has the Sun performed a third part of his course, since you pierced my heart with that most fatal stroke. In vain has despondency, a total dejection, possessed my soul even to this day. My grief, ineffectually restrained, has become only the more violent. I have lost my *Zilia*. An immense space of time seemed to separate us ; and at this moment I lose her for ever.

The dreadful stroke that snatched her from me ; the perfidious element that surrounds her, present themselves to my distracted sight. I see my *Zilia* borne on the hideous waves. . . . The Sun retires with horror behind the thickest clouds ; the sea opens to hide its crime from that God : but it cannot conceal her from me. Through the waters I behold the body of *Zilia* : her eyes . . . her bosom . . . a livid paleness . . . O my friend . . . inexorable death . . . death that flies from me . . . Ye Gods, more cruel in your indul-

indulgence than in your punishments !
 Why do ye still suffer me to live ? Will
 you never unite those whom you cannot
 separate ?

In vain, *Kankuiscap*, do I call on death :
 he flies from me : the barbarian is deaf
 to my voice, and keeps his darts for those
 that would avoid them.

Zilia, my beloved *Zilia*, hear my cries ;
 behold my flowing tears ; thou hast none ;
 I only live to shed them : O that I could
 drown myself in the torrent that flows
 from my eyes . . . why can I not ? . . .
 Ah ! you have none ; soul of my soul !
 You . . . my hands will no longer lend
 me their aid . . . I sink under my af-
 fliction . . . horrid despair . . . tears
 . . . love . . . a strange coldness . . .
Zilia ! . . . Kankuiscap . . . Zilia ! . . .

LET-

L E T T E R XXI.

To the same.

WHAT will be your astonishment, *Kanbuiscap*, when these knots which my hands are scarce able to form, shall tell you that I still live. My grief, my despair, the time that has passed since you have heard from me, all must have convinced you that I no longer existed. Dismiss those anxieties which are due to friendship, esteem and misfortune; and let not my weakness make you deplore my present existence: the loss of *Zilia* ought to have finished my being. The Gods who should have pardoned me the crime of seeking my death, have taken from me the power of committing it.

Sub-

Subdued by grief, scarce did I perceive the approach of death, who came at last to put a period to my miseries. A dangerous disease laid hold of me, and would have led me to the tomb, if the unfortunate interpositions of *Alonzo* had not protracted my duration.

I breathe : but it is only to be a prey to the most cruel anxieties. In that horrid state I now am ; all things disgust me. The friendship of *Alonzo*, the grief of *Zulmira*, their attention, their tears, all afflict me. Alone in the midst of mankind, I only discern those that surround me, to fly from them. May a friend less unfortunate, *Kanbuisca*, be the recompence of thy virtue ! I am too distracted a lover to be a rational friend : for how can I taste the sweets of friendship, when I am oppressed by love with the most cruel torments ?

L E T.

LETTER XXII.

To the same.

Friendship, at length, has restored me to thee, *Kanbuiscap*; to myself. Too much concerned at my afflictions, *Alonzo* would dissipate, or at least share with me. With this design he carried me to a country-seat he has a few miles from *Madrid*. There I found the satisfaction of meeting with nothing that did not answer to the dejection of my mind. A wood, in the neighbourhood of *Alonzo's* villa, has been a long time the secret depository of my woes. There I saw no objects but what were proper to nourish my despondency. Frightful rocks; enormous mountains, despoiled of their verdure;

dure ; thick streams flow pacing over their muddy beds ; dark pines, whose mournful branches seem to touch the clouds ; scorched grass, and withered flowers ; adders and croaking ravens ; were the only witnesses of my tears.

Alonzo soon took me, regardless of my entreaties, from these gloomy scenes. It was then that I found how much our misfortunes are alleviated by participation ; and how much I owed to the tender cares of *Zulmira* and *Alonzo*. Where shall I find colours strong enough, *Kanbuiscap*, to paint the grief that my unhappiness occasioned them ? *Zulmira*, the tender *Zulmira*, graced them with her tears : her affliction was but little less than my own. Pale and dejected, whenever her eyes met mine they flowed with grief ; while *Alonzo* tenderly deplored my unhappy fate.

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

ZULMIRA, whose cares all centered in the unhappiness of *Aza*; *Zulmira*, who participated my griefs, and trembled for my life; is now herself on the brink of the grave: every moment augments her dangers, and threatens her dissolution. Yielding at last to the tender intreaties of her father, who lay groaning at her feet, without hopes of affording her any relief; and perhaps still more influenced by the emotions of her heart, *Zulmira* spoke. It is I, it is *Aza*, whom misfortune will never forsake; it is that wretch, whose distracted heart knows nothing but despair; and

and the mass of whose blood is changed by love into a baneful poison, who is the cause of this misfortune.

It is I that have taken *Zulmira* from her father, from my friend. She loves me; she dies. *Alonzo* follows her. *Zilia* is no more!

I have felt for thy griefs; come and partake of mine, (said the distracted father to me). Come, and give me back my life, and my child. Wretched man, whose miseries I lament at the very moment I entreat you to alleviate my own. Be sensible to friendship; for it is yet in your power. The most amiable of all virtues cannot injure your love. Come, follow me! At these words, which were accompanied by deep-fetch'd sighs, he led me to the apartment of his daughter. With horror and dejection, I trembling entered. The paleness of death was spread over her countenance: but her darkened eyes were re-animated at the sight of me:

my

my presence seemed to give new life to the unfortunate *Zulmira*.

I die, she said to me with faltering accents. I never shall see you more : that is all my grief. At least, *Aza*, while I yet live, suffer me to say I love you. I can Yes, remember that *Zulmira* carries with her to the grave that love which she could not conceal : that which her looks, her actions have so often declared ; and which your indifference has at last but I cannot reproach you : your sensibility would have proved your inconstancy. Devoted to another, death alone can separate you : it never shall divest me of the love I bear you. I prefer it to the cure of a misery that I cherish : Of a misery . . . *Aza* . . . She stretched her hand toward me : her spirits left her ; she fell ; her eyes closed : but while I reproached myself with her death, and added my anxieties to those of her despairing father ; the cares of others had brought

her back to life. Her eyes opened again, and though still darkened with despondency, she fixed them on me, and expressed the most tender love. *Aza! Aza!* she said again, do not hate me. I fell at her feet, overcome by her distress. A sudden joy shone in her countenance: but unable to bear the various emotions her mind sustained, she again fainted under them. They forced me away, to save her from a repetition of such dangerous agitations.

What can you think, *Kankuiscap*, of these new misfortunes to which I am a prey: of that misery which I cause to those to whom I owe the greatest obligations? This new grief is come to add itself to those which attended me in the gloomy desert, where love, despair, and death were my constant companions.

LETTER XXIV.

To the same.

MY friend, the lot of *Alonzo* is changed. The grief by which he was oppressed has given place to joy. *Zulmira*, ready to descend to the grave, is restored to life. It is no longer that *Zulmira* whom languor had reduced to the brink of dissolution: her eyes, reanimated, now display that beauty and those graces, with which her youth is adorned.

Though I admire her reviving charms, Can you believe it? Far from talking to me of her love, she seems, on the contrary, to be confounded by the confession that has escaped her. Her looks are cast

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down when ever her eyes meet mine. My pains were suspended ; but, alas ! how short the suspense. *Zilia*, my dearest *Zilia*, can I be diverted from my grief ? Forgive those moments that I have stolen from thee : all that yet remain shall be consecrated to my misfortunes.

Do not imagine, *Kankuisap*, that the fears which *Alonzo* has shown me for *Zulmira*, can shake my constancy. In vain does he represent to me the empire of *Aza* over the heart of his daughter : the joy that our union would give him ; and the death that must follow our separation. I remain silent before that unhappy father. My heart, faithful to my passion, is firm, determined for *Zilia*. No ; in vain does *Alonzo*, ready to depart for that unfortunate country, which shall never more behold my *Zilia*, offer me that power which his unjust king has given him over my people. It would
be

be to acknowledge a tyrant, to avail myself of his power. My hands may be loaded with irons, but they shall never enchain my heart. Forever will I entertain for the barbarous chief of the *Spaniards*, that hatred which I owe to the first among a people who have been the cause of all my miseries, and those of my unhappy country.

LET-

L E T T E R XXV.

To the same.

MY eyes are opened, *Kanbuiscap* : the flames of love yield, without being extinguished, to the torch of reason.

O immortal flames that devour my bosom ! *Zilia* ! thou of whose image nothing can deprive me : thou whom a fatal destiny has snatched from me for ever ; be not offended, if the desire of seeking vengeance for you, excites me to betray you.

No longer tell me, *Kanbuiscap*, of what I owe to my people and my father. I no longer

longer talk of the tyranny of the *Spaniards*. Can I forget my misfortunes and their crimes? They have cost me too dear. That cruel remembrance rouses my fury. It is done: I consent: I go to unite myself with *Zulmira*. *Alonzo*, I have given thee that promise. Can it be a crime to leave *Zulmira* in possession of an error that is pleasing to her? She thinks that she triumphs over my heart. Ah! far from undeceiving her, let her enjoy her imaginary happiness: let her It is by this mean only that I can avenge my oppressed people and myself. No sooner shall our union be accomplished, than I shall depart for the land of the Sun; that desolated country whose miseries you describe to me. It is there that I shall pursue that vengeance whose violent transports I now suppress. It is on a perfidious people that I will hurl my fury. Reduced to the base condition of a wretched slave;

slave ; and for the first time forced to
dissemble, I go to punish the *Spaniards*
for my deception, and for their offences ;
while the family of *Alonzo* shall enjoy all
that a grateful heart can bestow, and all
those homages which are due to virtue.

LET-

L E T T E R XXVI.

To the same.

IF you were one of those men who are conducted by prejudice, I should imagine what would be your surprize, when you was told by an *Inca*, that he no longer adored the Sun. I should hear you complain to that Star of the light which he still afforded me; and to thyself for the trouble you took in communicating your sentiments. You would be astonish'd, that, perjured to my God, friendship, that virtue of which the vicious have no conception, could still dwell in my breast.

L 5

But,

But fortified against those prejudices which were taught you as virtues, you require of a *Peruvian* nothing but the love of his country, of virtue, and of freedom. I expect from you more just reproaches. You will perhaps, be surprized, and with reason, to see me abandon a worship that appeared to me irrational, and at the same time appear zealous for a religion of which I have pointed out to you the contradictions. I have already made that objection to myself: but it presently vanished, when I was informed that the law which I have had the audacity to censure, was dictated by that God who was the author of our being! In fact, of what consequence is the particular form of any worship, provided it be enjoined by him to whom it is rendered. On this principle it is, that I do not blush to conform to those ceremonies which I have formerly condemned. How great,

great, how awful are the works of the Supreme Being! Could you read, *Kanbuiscap*, those divine books that have been communicated to me, what wisdom, what power, what immensity, would you there discover! You would there readily discern the hand of the Divinity. Those unfurmountable contradictions which I at first found in the dispensations of that power, are here evidently justified. It is not the same, however, with regard to the conduct of these men toward their God.

Do not imagine, credulous as we commonly are, I wrote you this upon the report of a priest only. I have too much experienced the falshood of our *Cucipatas*, to credit the fables of those who resemble them.

The high rank which they hold among all nations, induces them to practice deceit; for their grandeur is frequently

quently founded on nothing but the errors of ambitious people: it would be too dear a purchase for them, if the empire of the world was to be obtained by Virtue only: they are much better pleased to obtain it by imposture.

LET.

L E T T E R XXVII.

To the same.

IT is done, *Kanbuiscap*: *Zulmira* now attends me. I go to the altar. You see me already there: but do you see the remorse that attends me! Do you behold the altars tremble at the sight of a perjurer? The shade of *Zilia*, bloody, and indignant, enlightens these nuptials with a mournful torch; and with a reproaching tone she says, “ Is this the faith that you
 “ have sworn to me? Perfidious! Is this
 “ the love that should reanimate my
 “ ashes? You love me, you say, and yet
 “ you give your hand to *Zulmira*. You
 “ love me, traitor, and yet you give to a
 “ nother that blessing which I could
 “ never

“ never enjoy ! Did I yet live ”

What tortures, *Kankuiscap*, rend my breast ? I hear the injured *Zulmira* demand a heart to which she has a lawful right. I behold my father and my people bending under a cruel yoke, and calling on me to be their deliverer. I then remember my promise I go to fulfil it.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

To the same.

ZILIA still lives ! Where can I find a messenger swift enough to communicate to you the excess of my joy ? *Kanbuiscap*, you who have felt my griefs, participate of the transports of my soul. O that the flames which now glow in my breast, could fly and impart to thine the overflowings of my felicity.

The sea ; our enemies ; death ; no, nothing has taken from me the object of my love. She lives ! she loves me ! think then what are my transports ! Brought
into

into a neighbouring state, into *France*, *Zilia* has experienced no misfortune but that of our separation, and of the uncertainty of my state. How do the Gods protect the virtuous ! A generous *Frenchman* has delivered her from the barbarity of the *Spaniards*.

All things were ready to unite me with *Zulmira* ; I was going, O ye Gods ! when I heard that *Zilia* still lived, and that she would shortly be with me. No obstacle can keep her from me. I shall again behold her. From her lips shall I hear those tender sentiments, which her hands have traced ; and at her feet I shall O Heavens, I tremble at the thought of that which is the cause of all my joy. My happiness confounds me. *Zilia* is coming into the midst of her enemies ! New dangers ! She shall not come. I will fly to prevent her. What can hinder me ? The Gods have disengaged me from *Alonzo* and *Zulmira*. *Zilia* still lives. I receive her from the
hands

hands of virtue. In vain did gratitude, esteem, and friendship, espouse the cause of *Deterville* her deliverer; she opposed to them our love, and obliged them to yield to our flames. Glorious combat! How do I admire that effort! *Deterville* stifles his love: he forgets the rights which he had over her: And behold his generosity; he unites us for ever.

Zilia! Zilia! I go to drink deep of felicity. I fly to meet her, to behold her, and to die with pleasure at her feet.

LET

L E T T E R XXIX.

To the same.

YOU must accuse *Zilia* only, dear friend, for my silence. I have seen her; and I have seen nothing but her. Do not expect that I should express to you those transports, those ravishing delights in which I was absorbed the first moment she appeared to my sight. To conceive them it were necessary to love *Zilia* as I love her.

Must torments yet unknown invade a felicity so pure? Between the bosom of pleasure and the den of grief is there then no interval? After such voluptuous delights, a thousand tortures tear my heart.

My

My tenderness is odious to me ; and at the moment that I would not love, I am possessed with all its fury.

I have borne the grief that the loss of *Zilia* occasioned ; I cannot bear that which I now feel. She loves me no more O distracting thought ! When I behold her, love pours into my soul, with one hand pleasure, and with the other torture.

In the first transports a of happiness so pure, that I cannot express to you the sweetness which attended it, *Zilia* stole from my arms to read a letter, which was given her by the young person who had conducted me hither. Disordered, afflicted, melted, those tears which she had just given to joy, no longer flowed but for grief. She bathed that fatal letter with her tears. Her grief made me anxious for her welfare. The ingrate tasted pleasures. The grief of which I had partaken was the triumph of my rival. *Deterville*, that de-

liver

liverer, whose praise the letters of *Zilia* had so frequently repeated, had wrote that. It was dictated by the most lively passion. By retiring from *Zilia*, after having given her up to his rival, he had completed his own generosity and her affliction. She explained to me with vivacity, expressions that were more than acknowledgments. She forced me to admire those virtues, which at that cruel moment gave me mortal wounds. My grief then sought aid from a determined indifference. I soon absented myself from *Zilia*. Filled with despair, from which nothing can deliver me, every reflection that I make is a new misery. It takes from me my hope, my comfort. I have lost the heart of *Zilia*. That heart I cannot bear the thought. My rival will be happy ! Ah ! It is too much to think that he deserves that happiness.

Frightful jealousy ? Thy cruel serpents have stolen upon my heart. A thousand fears :

fears: Black suspicions *Zilia*, her virtues, her tenderness, her beauty: My injustice perhaps; all agitate, all torment me. I am lost. It is in vain that my grief conceals itself under an apparent tranquillity. Fain would I speak, complain, accuse, and yet I am silent. What can I say to *Zilia*? Can I reproach her with having inspired *Deterville* with a love that proceeds from virtue? She does not enjoy his tenderness. But why heap on him those praises? Why incessantly repeating his eulogy? Love, thou source of my pleasures, oughtest thou to be that of my miseries.

L E T.

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

WHERE am I, *Kanbuiscap*? By what torments am I followed? My brain burns with the most cruel fury. *Zilia*, perfidious *Zilia*, pale and dejected, laments the absence of my rival. *Deterville* by flying has gained the victory. Heavens! On whom shall my rage fall! He is beloved, *Kanbuiscap*, all things tell it me. The inhuman does not attempt to conceal her infidelity. Precious remains of innocence; tho' she knows her crime, she detests hypocrisy. I read her perjury in her eyes. Her lips even dare to avow it, by repeating incessantly the name that I abhor. Whether shall I fly? When present with *Zilia* I suffer frightful torments, and absent from her I die.

When, seduced by the sweetness of her looks, she spreads for an instant tranquillity

lity over my mind, I think she loves me. That thought throws me into a rapture that deprives me of reason. I recover myself, and would speak. I begin; break off; am silent. The sentiments that by turns possess my heart, trouble and confound me. I am unable to express myself. A fatal remembrance; *Deterville*; a sigh from *Zilia*, reanimate those transports which in vain I would calm. Even the shades of night cannot screen from their violence. If for a moment I give myself up to sleep, the unfaithful *Zilia* snatches me from it. I see *Deterville* at her feet; she hears him with pleasure. Frighted sleep flies far from me. The day offers me fresh griefs. For ever devoted to the fury of jealousy, his fires have even dried up my tears. *Zilia!* *Zilia!* How great the evils that spring from so much love? I adore thee; I offend thee: O Heavens! I lose thee!

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXI.

To the same.

ZILIA, love, *Deterville*, fatal jealousy! What distraction! A cloud hides from me the names I trace. *Kanbuiscep*, I no longer know myself: In the fury of the blackest jealousy, I have armed myself with darts, with which I have pierced the heart of *Zilia*. She had wrote to *Deterville*; the letter was still in her hand. A fatal moment disordered my reason. I formed the most rash project My promise, the religion I have embraced, all things prompted me. The most trifling pretences appeared to me to be as laws of equity, for deserting her.

I have

I have pronounced the inhuman sentence.
 Cruel adieus What a moment
 Could I do it? Yes, *Kankuiscap*, I fled
 from *Zilia*. *Zilia* at my feet, with groans,
 to which mine were just ready to re-
 ply . . . *Deterville*! What a remembrance!
 Possessed with fury I flew from her arms.
 But soon, vainly persisting, I would return
 to them: all things oppose: I dare not
 resist. Gods! What have I done?
 How shameful is the distress! How
 horrible the repentance!

M

LET-

L E T T E R XXXII.

To the same.

C E A S E to wonder at my long silence: Could the cruel state of my heart permit me to inform you sooner of my state? Do not think, that distracted by remorse, I still reproach myself with unjust suspicions. It is *Zilia*, it is her cruel heart, and not mine, that they ought to devour. Yes, *Kanbuiscap*, her sighs, her tears, and groans, were nothing but effects of shame: traces that virtue, when flying from us, still leaves in our hearts. It is to efface them that she cruelly refuses to see me again. Her obstinacy has forced me to a distance from her. Retired

tired to the extremity of the same city, unknown to any one, totally devoted to grief and misfortunes, I labour to forget the ingrate I adore. Useless cares ! Love in our despite steals into our hearts, and in our despite there he cruelly dwells. In vain would I drive him thence. Jealousy there supports him : and when I would banish jealousy, love keeps him there. The wretched sport of these two passions, my soul is divided between tenderness and rage. Sometimes I reproach my suspicions, and sometimes my love. Can I be charmed with an ungrateful woman ? Can I forget her whom I adore ? But whatever may be my love for her, nothing can excuse her. Would she had hated me ! We can pardon hatred but never perfidy.

The solicitude and friendship of *Alonzo* have discovered that retreat, where grief, and all the destructive evils to which hu

man nature is subject, has driven me. *Zulmira* loads me with reproaches. I have just received her letter. In her eyes I appear as an ungrateful wretch, whom neither promises nor tears can recall. I have only freed her from the arms of death to deliver her to more cruel torments. She will come, she says, and signalise in France her fury and my perfidy ; avenge her father and her love. Every word of her letter is a dart that pierces my bosom. I know too well the powers of despair not to fear the effects. *Zilia* is the unfortunate object of her rage. Bathed in her blood it is, that *Zulmira* will appear before me. Avenging gods ! is it thus that you leave to crimes the care of their punishments ?

Hold, *Zulmira*, on me pour all your fury. Let the apostate enjoy a life of which remorse will be the chastisement. Thus will you indeed signalize your vengeance.

But

But O heavens! *Zilia* in the arms of a rival. I groan, wretch that I am, and tremble for her, while the ingrate is betraying me. Oppressed by the weight of evils, my body sinks under its weakness; while the perfidious, triumphing even over her remorse, recalls my rival. Wretch that I am! I breathe I still exist! But what misery to exist when we only live to suffer.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To the same.

WHAT have I said? What horror
 furrounds me? Learn my shame,
Kankuiscap, and if it can be, my remorse,
 before you know my crime. Odious to
 myself, I will now expose it to your sight.
 Cease to lament my misfortunes; and
 make them complete by your hatred.

Zilia is void of all guilt. To reflect
 on it is even an injury to her.

You know my suspicions; their in-
 justice will tell you my misery, which
 can never have an end: something un-
 looked for will for ever arise. After the
 perfidy of *Zilia*, could you have thought
 that

that heaven would have given me over to new torments? Could you have thought that her innocence, which ought to make me happy, would have been to me the source of the most bitter torments? To what errors have I been a prey! What clouds have obscured my reason? *Zilia* could deceive me! I could think it! She will see me no more. My remembrance is odious to her. She loved me too much, not to hate me. Abandoned to my horrid misery, friendship, confidence, nothing can alleviate my miseries. They will poison thy heart with their venom, and mine will yet find no relief.

In vain does *Zulmira*, divested of her fury, tell me that she has offered it as a sacrifice to my repose and felicity. Retired to a house of virgins, she has consecrated to her God, and to my happiness, her life, and the flower of her days.

Zulmira, generous *Zulmira*, canst thou renounce thy vengeance? Ah! if thy
heart

heart were cruel, what pleasure would it find in my horrid miseries !

It is then only to myself, to the baseness of my sentiments, that I owe the misfortunes which I endure. Nothing was wanting to make me completely miserable, but to be myself the cause of it : and behold I am. *Zilia* loved me ; I saw it ; my happiness was sure. Her tenderness ! her sentiments ! my felicity ! ought they to have been sacrificed to a base suspicion ? O frightful despair ! I fled from *Zilia*. It was I . . . Generous friend, can you conceive the state in which I now am ? Can I conceive it myself ? Remorse, love, despair, contend for my heart, that they may devour it.

L E T.

L E T T E R X X X I V .

To Zilia.

THE dread of displeasing you still keeps in my trembling hands the knots which I form. Those knots which were once consolation and joy to you, *Zilia*, are now twined by grief and despair.

Do not imagine that I would conceal my crime from your eyes. Distracted with anxiety for having believed you unfaithful, how should I presume to justify it? But am I not sufficiently punished? What remorse! The remorse of a lover who adores you. Ah! you would
hate

hate me ! Have I not rather merited your contempt than your hatred ?

Reflect for a moment on all my misfortunes. Barbarians snatched thee from my love, at the moment it should have been crowned with success. Armed for thy defence, I fell, and was loaded with their base fetters. Carried to their country, the waves on which we floated, supported for a time, it is true, all my hopes. I lived only by them. My heart went with you. Thy ravishers being swallowed up by the sea, plunged me into the most cruel error. That which I thought had destroyed thee, could not destroy my love. Grief augmented my passion. I would have died to follow thee. I only lived to avenge thee. All things I essayed. Even my very oaths I would have sacrificed, and have united myself, in defiance of a thousand remorse, with a *Spanish* woman, and have purchased at that price, my liberty and my vengeance. When on a
 sud-

sudden, O unhopèd for felicity ! I learned that you lived, and that you still loved me. O too pleasing remembrance ! I flew to thee ; to happiness the most pure, the most extatic Ah ! vain hope : cruel reverse ! Scarce had I enjoyed the first transports with which thy sight inspired me, than a fatal poison, of which thy heart is too pure to know the pangs ; jealousy seized my soul : his most rancorous serpents have devoured my heart ; that heart which was only formed for the love of thee.

The most amiable of virtues, gratitude, was the object of my suspicions. That which you owed to *Deterville*, I thought he had obtained : that your virtue had been confounded with your duty. I thought . . . It was these fatal ideas that troubled our first transports. You was unable, even in the bosom of love, to forget friendship. I forgot virtue. The eulogies of *Deterville* ; his letter ; the sentiments

ments it expressed : the concern it gave you : the grief you shewed for the loss of your deliverer ; all these I attributed to the sentiment that I felt, and that I still feel, to love.

I concealed in my bosom the fires that consumed it. What was the consequence ? From suspicion I soon passed to a certainty of your perfidity. I meditated even a punishment for it. I would not employ reproaches : I did not think you worthy of them. I will not endeavour to conceal my crimes from you : truth is even as dear to me as my love.

I would return to *Spain*, to perform a promise to which my former oath had engaged me. Repentance soon followed that rage which had declared to you my crime. I vainly endeavoured to undeceive you, with regard to a resolution that love had destroyed almost as soon as it was formed. Thy determination not to see me relumined my fury. Again given up to
jealousy

jealousy; I fled from you : but far from going to *Madrid* to consummate a crime that my soul detested; though you was induced to believe it : sinking under the weight of my misfortunes, I sought in solitude, in an estrangement with mankind, that peace which tranquillity of mind alone can afford. Overcome by my distress, the powers of life forsook me. A long time absent from thee, shall I, in spite of myself, avow it to thee, *Zilia*? All my faculties were exerted in reviling thee. I thought I saw you, pleased with my flight, recall my rival. I thought I saw Alas! you know my offence; but you do not know my punishment; it even surpasses my crime. Ah *Zilia*, if the excess of love could effect it: no, I can no more be guilty. Do not imagine that I intend to move thy pity; that were too little for my tenderness. *Zilia*, give me back your love, or give me nothing.

Listen

Listen to the love that ought still to speak in thy heart : suffer me in thy presence again to relumine that fire which thy just resentment has extinguished. Some spark may yet be found in the ashes of that love which you once nourished for *Aza*.

Zilia ! Zilia ! thou director of my fate ; I have confessed to thee my crime. If thy pardon doth not efface it, it must still be punished. My death shall be the chastisement. Too happy, inexorable ! if at least I can expire at thy feet !

LET-

L E T T E R XXXV. and last.

To Kanhuiscap.

WOULD that by striking thy mind with surprize, I could communicate to thy heart that joy with which mine now pants. O happiness ! O transport ! *Kanhuiscap*, *Zilia* has given me up her heart. She loves me. Roving in the ravishments of my love, I shed at her feet the most tender tears. Her looks, her sighs, her transports, are the only interpreters of our love and our felicity.

Imagine, if you can, our joys : that moment constantly presents to my sight ; that moment . . . No, such love, anguish, and delight, are not to be expressed by words.

Her

Her eyes, her animated countenance, told me her love, her anger, my shame . . . She turned pale. Faint, and speechless, she sunk into my arms. But as the flames excited by the winds, so my heart, agitated by fear, burnt with greater violence. My head reclining on her bosom, I breathed that fire of love which animated her life, and united it with mine. She died and instantly revived . . . *Zilia*, my beloved *Zilia*! Into what intoxicating pleasures hast thou plunged the happy *Aza*! No, *Kanbuiscap*, you can never conceive our happiness; come and bear witness to it. Nothing should be wanting to my felicity. The *Frenchman* who delivers you this letter will bring you hither. You will then behold my *Zilia*. My felicity will every moment increase.

The story of our present happiness, as well as that of our past misfortunes (far be they removed from us) has reached even to the throne. The generous monarch of the

French

French nation, has ordered certain ships that are going to encounter with the *Spaniards* in our seas, to carry us to *Guitto*. We soon again shall see our native land ; that mournful country so dear to our desires : those abodes, O *Zilia* ! where sprang our first delights, thy sighs and mine. May they be witnesses ! may they celebrate ! may they augment ! if it be possible, our present felicity . . . But I go to *Zilia*.

My dear friend, love cannot make me forget friendship, but friendship keeps me too long from love. Those delightful transports that ravish my soul, it is in thy enjoyments that I have again found life . . . I am lost in the excess of happiness ; in extatic bliss ! *Zilia* is again my own ; she waits my coming ; I fly to her arms !

VOL. II.

F I N I S.

241
with a few birds and a few
small fish.
The water was very
shallow and the bottom
was very soft.
The water was very
shallow and the bottom
was very soft.
The water was very
shallow and the bottom
was very soft.



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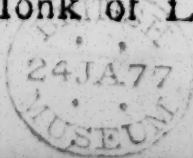
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